THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31 NUMBER 1239

French Patriotism—Daladier Brand

Premier Daladier has created a turmoil in France by announcing his intention to relax the forty-hour-week law and by using Senegalese to break a strike in support of that law in Marseilles. Two of his ministers have resigned in protest, and the organs of the Left are bitterly protesting. M. Daladier's announced reason is that France must be strong against threatened war, and that the national income must be increased. But, as is usual in such cases, the actual volume of production does not seem to be involved so much as the wages employers must pay for it. The forty-hour-week law does not forbid the working of longer time, but merely specifies higher rates of overtime pay than M. Daladier believes should obtain. He wants the national-defense industries to work up to forty-eight hours with a penalty of only ten percent for overtime over forty. In essence, therefore, he is recommending general wage reduction as a cure for the country's ills. That has a familiar sound, but we have never known a case in which the cure worked very well. It is interesting to compare the attitude of the French bankers and industrialists in this instance, when they are urging the workers to make economic sacrifices for patriotic reasons, with their former stubborn refusal to coöperate in the formation of a government of national defense under the Socialist Premier Léon Blum.

Mr. Keynes Has an Idea

When England was blockaded by German submarines during the Great War, she came perilously close to starvation. Her people have never forgotten the terror of the time when she had only enough food to last a few weeks. Not long ago, the British government announced that it had been buying special stocks of foodstuffs within the Empire to make the beginning of a reserve supply. Now comes John Maynard Keynes, noted British economist, to propose an extension of this idea. In a paper read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he suggests that producers within the British Empire should store their surplus foodstuffs and raw materials in England. The British government would not buy such supplies; it would store them free, and lend the owners up to 90 percent of their value, at moderate interest rates. The owners would run the risk of price changes. Mr. Keynes mentioned Canadian wheat, West Indies sugar, Indian jute and Australian wool as possible items to be stored. He estimated that it would cost only $100,000,000 annually to take care of goods worth $2,500,000,000. He believes that such storage, with ready withdrawal, might help to stabilize production and prices; and he is right when he says that "in a war, such reserves would be better than a gold mine." We regret only that such a bold proposal for national and international planning should be called forth under the grim auspices of war, danger and possible famine.

Nailing One Lie

Among the many inaccuracies in Mr. J. B. Matthews' testimony before the Dies Committee, it is specially incumbent upon us to correct his statement about Mr. William P. Mangold who, he says, is "one of the

CONTENTS

The Week 85
Editorials
Roosevelt Forges a Party 87
Peace Skies Brighten 88
World Youth Congress 89
The Dies Committee Mess 90
General Articles
Garner, Texas Bogey Man . Jonathan Mitchell 91
The Loyalists Can Still Win . Leland Stowe 93
Diagram for Democracy . Jonathan Daniels 95
Good-bye Vienna . . . . Vincent Sheean 98
Five Songs by García Lorca (verse) . . . . . Translated by Rolfe Humphries 100
Shoot the Works . . . Heywood Broun 101
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 102
Other People's Money . . John T. Flynn 103
Doldrum Weather . . . Otis Ferguson 104
The Bandwagon 105
Correspondence 105
Books in Review
Pluperfidious Albion . . John Chamberlain 108
War Diary . . . Robert Morss Lovett 109
Judicial Brief . . . . . I. F. Stone 109
Conquest by Technics . . Lewis Mumford 110
Art in Progress . . . Robert M. Coates 111
New Books: A Reader's List 112

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

editors of The New Republic." Mr. Mangold is not and never has been an editor of The New Republic. He is listed as a "contributing editor," because for some time he was a regular contributor, doing for us objective reporting of the labor scene. Mr. Mangold is cited by Mr. Matthews as an example of the "professional united fronters or stooges who are doing the cover-up work for the Communist Party in the 'united-front maneuvers,'" and thus bob up in a number of places. This statement has a nasty sound, but the only evidence behind it is that Mr. Mangold, as a sincere progressive, has been treasurer for the American League for Peace and Democracy and has done effective work for the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. In none of these connections has he done anything, so far as we know, to plot for the advance of communism. Is Mr. Matthews against the Spanish Loyalists? Perhaps he thinks Prime Minister Negrin is just a stooge.

New Republic readers will remember Mr. Matthews as the associate of Mr. Fred Schlink in Consumers' Research, both of whom refused to negotiate or arbitrate with the union of their employees. Their principal defense against the odium which their behavior aroused was to charge that everybody who supported union recognition and collective bargaining in their case was under communist influence. Since then Consumers' Research, in its political and social outlook, has become indistinguishable from the most reactionary chamber of commerce.

Twilight of an Empire

Nobody seems to know the exact status of the 124 corporations that are said to compose the great Hearst empire. Nobody can or will say which of them are free from debt and which of them are how deeply mortgaged, to what banks. There are many signs, however, that the empire is beginning to break up. In the August 27 issue of The Saturday Evening Post, Forrest Davis tells as much of the story as can be checked and verified. Briefly, the emperor himself has abdicated in favor of a junta headed by Clarence John Shearn, for many years a Hearst lawyer. The junta is trying to save what it can for Hearst's five sons. Many of the money-losing newspapers have already been sold or have discontinued publication. The New York City real estate is waiting for a buyer. All the art objects are on the auction block, except those actually built into the walls and terraces of San Simeon. For a long time the success of the Hearst papers has been offered as evidence that the American public preferred cheapness and vulgarity. But for nearly twenty years the Hearst papers have been losing circulation to rivals with less capital and less highly paid executives. Hearst has been wrong about the public taste; he has also been wrong about the public intelligence. For it is important to remember that in the years when they were most progressive. They gained readers by seeming to fight for the poor; they lost them by fighting for Hitler and for the divine right of American millionaires to pay no taxes.

Republocrats

We were very much interested in a letter from James W. Arnold, Republican national committeeman from Georgia, written on official Republican stationery and reproduced in The New York Post. It was addressed to "Dear Charlie," who, we take it, is a Georgia lily-white Republican politician:

> . . . it is absolutely necessary in order to save this country that there be a split in the National Convention of the Democratic Party in 1940. Because, if the "New Dealers" control that convention there is going to be plenty of hell turned loose in this country. The fate of this split rests upon the shoulders of a few men, most important of which [sic] are Senators George, Glass, Pat Harrison, McCarran, et al. . . .
>
> The love for the Constitution of the United States and all that it implies is deeply imbedded in every Republican. For this reason, it is most important that every Republican in Georgia enter the Democratic Primary in September and cast his or her vote for Senator George, and I therefore urge you to join me in this effort and to do what we can to see that every Republican in the state goes to the polls on September 14 and votes for the Senator.

That same day the papers printed a great deal about the Dies Committee and its breath-taking revelations. The Communists, so we hear, are boring from within and trying to split the New Deal. But the Republicans too are boring from within and trying to split the New Deal. The Communists go disguised; the Republicans go them one better. If you see a man with whiskers and a bomb, don't be frightened. Probably he's a Republican national committeeman.

Trouble in Cuba

The Batista government in Cuba is in serious trouble. The price of sugar has fallen and for this and other reasons Cuba is experiencing a bad economic depression. She has other troubles as well. Reports from Havana say that one of Batista's most trusted aides recently absconded after having clipped and cashed the coupons on a good many bonds that were government property. The Dictator, partly to cover up this scandal, announced a reorganization of his cabinet. This was not however such a happy move: the new Minister of Justice is the former Cuban Minister to Germany. He is an ardent Nazi, and the man responsible for the ridiculous exhibition on May 20, when special medals were distributed to von Ribbentrop and other leading members of Hitler's circle. While top officials of the Cuban government are violently pro-Nazi, the mass of the Cuban people are not, and the appointment has proved

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meanwhile, the American government continues to support the Cuban regime in a fashion that must be embarrassing to many of the New Deal idealists in Washington. A Cuban bond issue of $85,000,000 has been registered with the SEC, although revenue to meet the charges was to be based upon a dubious highway tax. This tax proved so unpopular that the government has been forced to suspend it, and the bonds have fallen disastrously in price. Another American agency that has helped Batista is the Export and Import Bank. It has advanced credits to the Cuban Dictator with which to buy silver for the coinage of new currency. There is of course a profit on the coining of silver, and this just now is Batista's chief reliance.

Peanut Statesmen

New York State has been holding a convention to revise the state constitution, a ceremony which occurs about every twenty years. In spite of sincere effort on the part of some of the delegates to do a statesmanlike job, the occasion has been used by self-seeking politicians—largely up-state Republicans and dyed-in-the-wool Tammanyites from New York City—to put over on the people of the state a lot of detailed legislation desired by special interests of one kind or another. One such effort was described recently in our columns by Mr. John T. Flynn—the attempt to hamstring various regulative bodies by throwing review of the facts as well as of the law underlying their rulings into the courts. Perhaps the most brazen trick of all was the action of the convention on one of the last days of its session when by a surprise vote and without any previous consideration or discussion it abolished proportional representation, which had been adopted in New York City by a large popular majority. Proportional representation has many faults, but the real objection to it by the politicians who opposed it was that it endangers control by the machine. So outrageous are a number of provisions of the new constitution that if, as is threatened by the politicians, it is submitted to the vote of the people as a whole, it is likely to be rejected by them.

News Notes of a Week

As the tenth anniversary of the Kellogg Pact, August 27, drew near, two important wars were being waged. Perhaps partly out of deference to the Pact, under which sixty-three nations renounced the use of force as an instrument of national policy, these wars are not publicly admitted by most of the participants. . . . In Siberia, Japan and Soviet Russia maintained a precarious truce which seemed likely to break down at any moment. . . . In China, the military stalemate continued. . . . In Spain, Franco's men were unable to halt the victorious Loyalists, and there were rumors that Mussolini might throw in a large new body of Italian [illegible] sion criticized Great Britain's failure to solve the Palestine problem, as propaganda for a new Holy War of Mohammedans swept the Near East. . . . Although it was reported that the Pope and Mussolini had come to an understanding, His Holiness denounced extreme nationalism in terms that must have been embarrassing to the pro-Fascist Catholic hierarchy in America. . . . Economic conditions in Mexico grew worse as the United States continued her severe restrictions on the purchase of Mexican oil and silver.

At home, the low price of wheat continued to create a grave problem for the federal government. . . . New York City reveled in the excitement of the most dramatic court trial in a generation as James J. Hines, famous Tammany overlord, defended charges that he was implicated with the late Dutch Schultz in the policy racket. . . . William Green of the A. F. of L. announced with a flourish that President Roosevelt had agreed modification is necessary of the National Labor Relations Act. It remains to be seen whether, as we suspect, the President was merely nodding courteous agreement to an obstreperous caller in the effort to get rid of him.

Roosevelt Forges a Party

IN THE PRIMARY BATTLES which the New Deal is waging within the Democratic Party against Senator Tydings of Maryland, Senator George of Georgia and Representative O'Connor of New York, more is at stake than appears on the surface. The issue between the President and these gentlemen is not a personal one; it does not concern dictatorship vs. independence; it is not an attempt by Washington to control local opinion. Rather it is a symptom of the struggle going on within the party between those who want to make it a reliable instrument of progressivism and those who want to recapture it for a conservative and quietistic policy.

For years it has been said, and with a considerable degree of truth, that there was very little difference between the two great parties; that they did not represent competing philosophies and programs. They were rivals for political patronage more than organizations representing divergent views of the state. The hoary principles to which they referred in campaigns seemed to have little relationship to what they actually did when in office, and in congressional votes the Representatives and Senators often divided without much regard to party lines. The Democratic Party in particular was an illogical combination. Conservative Southerners who, if they had happened to come from the North, would certainly have been stand-pat Republicans, were allied with spoilsmen from the Democratic machines in the Northern cities and with a sprinkling of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democrat like Woodrow Wilson might win the presidency by appealing to independent voters, temporarily imposing the stamp of his thought on the gelatinous mass of party professionals, but to hope for anything of permanent value from such a coalition was naïve. It was analysis of this sort that gave rise to the desire for a reshuffling of political forces or the rise of a successful third party.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, coming in a year of crisis and embracing the tendency known as the New Deal, temporarily at least was able to give the party a progressive direction. But the party was the same old mixture underneath. As time has passed, the question has become more insistent whether the Democratic organization is to relapse into its old character of Tweedledum. The innate conservatism of many prominent Democrats began to reassert itself in the form of congressional obstruction, and in spite of an overwhelming party majority the President began to have serious difficulty in obtaining the passage of important legislation on his program. This time a new force increased the difficulty. The successive routs of the Republican Party made the economic royalists wonder whether they could ever ride back to power in the good old way on the back of the elephant, and so they used every possible device to express their will through renegade Democrats. So far has their infiltration gone that it has become really doubtful whether a progressive successor to the President—if he does not seek a third term—can be nominated or whether such a successor could command effective support in Congress.

In this camouflaged struggle the conservatives have little to lose and everything to gain. If they get control of the Democratic organization, well and good. If they merely keep enough power within it to set laborites and progressives back on their heels, the effort is not wasted. If the progressive forces resist with enough determination to split the party, the Republicans may after all have another chance.

If Mr. Roosevelt expects to change the old character of his party permanently, he will first of all have to stop the guerilla tactics of the conservatives within it. That he can do if he can bring them out into the open and force them to oppose him and the policies he stands for in order to be reëlected. There is a net gain for his major objectives in this strategy, whether they are reelected or not. For it is better to have a small and reliable majority than a large and unwieldy one. It is better to have an outspoken and recognized opponent in front than an enemy lurking in the tall grass in the rear. There is no sense whatever in allowing candidates who have seriously sabotaged the Democratic program in Washington to go back home and seek the favor of the voters on the assumption that the White House approves of them. This is so, no matter what one's attitude concerning the specific measures in question. and within his own party an overwhelming one. It expects him to make good on his promises. Political responsibility is furthered if he tells them frankly who will help him make good and who will not. It is good for the Democratic Party, and good for the nation, that these primary struggles should be conducted on the basis of political principles rather than on the basis of a meaningless party harmony. This may be the last chance for a long while to make the Democratic Party a reliable instrument for progressive-minded citizens. For the President to accept the chance is not for him to try to set up a personal dictatorship or to coerce local opinion. In most cases large majorities of local opinion already want what he wants. He is merely giving them an opportunity to say again whether they do or not and, if they do, to forge a party organization which is more responsive to their will.

The Peace Skies Brighten

A WEEK'S TIME HAS BROUGHT an important budget of news in the field of international affairs. Franco has made impossible conditions to the Non-Intervention Committee's plan for withdrawing "volunteers" from Spain. The Loyalists are making a magnificent resistance, confounding the expert advisers of Prime Minister Chamberlain and President Roosevelt, among others, who several months ago predicted that the war would end in a few weeks. The fateful fifteenth of August has come and gone and a week after that supposedly momentous day, there was still no war between Germany and Czechoslovakia. Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, has made a state visit to Berlin which has caused some—doubtless too sensational—journalists to recall Schuschnigg's visit to Berchtesgaden. In the Far East, Japan and Russia have maintained an uneasy truce, while Japan's army in China struggles desperately and inches along. Important addresses dealing with international affairs were given by Secretary Hull and President Roosevelt.

Franco has seriously damaged Chamberlain's policy by his attitude. He wants full recognition of his government before any of the foreign "volunteers" are withdrawn. He also wants equal numbers to be taken from both sides, though the Italians in Spain, most of them virtually conscripts, outnumber at least three or four to one the genuine volunteers in the Loyalists' International Brigade. We do not see how Chamberlain can now put the Anglo-Italian treaty into effect; and as his complicated scheme breaks down around the edges, criticism of it will become steadily louder. In England, his critics are emboldened. In France, dissatisfaction is deep and angry, and there is talk that the Spanish frontier may be opened wider for supplies to the Loyalists. Whatever makes France assert herself a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Runciman, whose mission in Czechoslovakia still seems to be trying to persuade the Czechs to give Hitler anything he wants, is likely to bulk a little smaller in Prague. On the whole, all this seems to us to add up into a slightly more advantageous position for peace, at least in the short view. It is not entirely true that wars begin between August 1 and October 1, after the harvests are gathered and before the autumn rains set in; but there is enough truth in it to let the world breathe a little more easily if the guns are still muzzled five weeks hence.

As for Secretary Hull's speech, in which he advised the nations of the world to trade with each other, keep their agreements and act like good children, we do not know what to say of it. It combined the fatuous good advice to Europe which Americans are forever uttering with a scolding for the Fascists which, however well deserved, won't do any good and may eventually get us into trouble.

President Roosevelt's speech is a more serious matter. We are not at all disturbed by his statement that we would help Canada if she were attacked by a foreign empire. All sensible people have assumed that this was true. There would be nothing altruistic about this (excessively remote) contingency, but only self-defense. More serious is the assumption in Europe that the President was announcing a long step toward "collective security." Europe is forever indulging in wishful thinking of this sort. A hundred times a year, the British and French press announce that, at last, America is ready to come to their aid. The important fact is that President Roosevelt apparently welcomed this interpretation of his Canadian speech; certainly, he did nothing to counteract the impression.

It is easy to understand the desperate temptation under which the President found himself when writing his speech. His State Department advisers told him that Hitler may plunge Europe into war at any moment, and that only the fear of America might check him. Under such circumstances, for a man of Mr. Roosevelt's temperament, the impulse to utter such a warning—of course in veiled terms—was irresistible. We doubt that he ever considered whether the American people would back him up or what, exactly, he proposed to do. His tragic dilemma is that any threat firm enough to influence the fascist rulers would be repudiated by the American people, in their present temper; and any threat in which they would be willing to concur would seem to the dictators unimportant. (The dictators ought to remember, however, but probably won't, that we are a hot-tempered, impulsive people and that meddling even on a modest scale might in a few months produce a war psychology.)

The President on many occasions has sought with words to align the United States with the democracies and against the Fascists; but his actual attitude in foreign affairs is one of support to Chamberlain, whose policy is certainly anti-democratic and pro-fascist. In Spain, the President still sides with the Fascists against the Loyalists; he keeps an embargo on supplies to the government's defenders, while permitting the other side—Germany and Italy—to buy anything they like. In the Far East, we continue to make little interference with the sale of raw materials by American businessmen to Fascist-minded Japan. We shall be more impressed with the President's devotion to democracy when he talks less about it and does something concrete on its behalf. He could make no better beginning than to raise the embargo on Loyalist Spain.

World Youth Congress

FOR THE PAST WEEK the 500 delegates to the Second World Youth Congress have been busy on the campus of Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, New York. They came from all the major nations of the world, with the exception of Germany and Italy. They spoke for a total of 40,000,000 young people, the combined membership of the varied organizations represented, ranging from the Young Communists' League to the Catholic Action of France and the Four-H clubs of the United States. Their central purpose was to decide how the youth of the world shall coöperate for peace.

The fact that the delegates split into precisely the divergent points of view which mark their elders' discussion on this question probably proves that the Congress is not "controlled" by any one faction. A large majority of the delegates supported the sort of international coöperation that is carelessly labeled "collective security." Specifically, they expressed faith in the League of Nations, in the policy of "quarantining" war makers and in such mutual-assistance pacts as the France-Soviet-Czech agreement as means toward the end of "lasting peace." But the Congress went further than this, with constructive proposals. It offered suggestions for speeding up the procedure of the League of Nations and separating its covenant from the Treaty of Versailles. It resolved that "common action for collective security should be linked up with common action for collective prosperity," and therefore called for an international economic commission to facilitate trade among "the law-abiding states." The Congress recommended that the arms industry be nationalized and trade in that commodity be internationally controlled; that imperialism be "liquidated"; that more effective machinery be provided for the adjustment of grievances arising out of unjust treaties; and that asylum be extended to the thousands of homeless victims of racial persecution.

The charges made by Homer Chaillaux before the Dies Committee, that the World Youth Congress is a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young Communists at the meeting and their influence was considerable. But they did not "control" the discussions or the policy of the Congress. Representatives of every group had their say. The Communist view on collective security parallels the thinking of many non-Communist youth organizations such as the Socialists in France, for example, and the British laborites, as well as adherents of the League of Nations in the United States.

If the nations of the world were controlled by persons with as good intentions and as intelligent programs as these delegates showed, collective security might work. We hope that they in their time will have a chance to try it. But under present circumstances the status quo that was established by the unjust Treaty of Versailles is the one that a collective war based on League principles would defend, and imperialism is not "liquidated" even among the so-called democracies. It is now either too late or too early for collective security as a feasible peace program.

The Dies Committee Mess

THE DIES COMMITTEE RED HUNT is a mess. Why this is so is discussed in some detail by Heywood Broun and our Washington correspondent, in this issue. The committee stuck for only one day to its pretense that it would look into both Nazi and communist activities. It never stuck at all to the theory that any real investigation ought to be made. Every battered old slander of the professional patriots that has been kicking around the country for years was dusted off and told again, to make horrified headlines in the ever-naïve daily press. Mr. Edward F. Sullivan was the chief and so far as we know, the only sleuth employed. Hysterical patriots poured into his ears all their old familiar libels, and he poured them out again. There is some curiosity as to whether Mr. Sullivan is the same Edward F. who is mentioned in the files of the La Follette Committee as a labor spy of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company. If he is, he should find the committee atmosphere congenial. Its one liberal member having quit, it now consists only of Tories of both parties. One of the star witnesses, Mr. Walter Steels, is reported to be connected with the Silver Shirts, an admittedly Fascistic organization. Much in evidence has been William Shearer, who boasted that he went to the Geneva disarmament conference a decade ago on behalf of the munitions makers and helped to cause its failure.

Naturally, many of the victims of this wholesale orgy of slander are protesting. The aged John Frey, A. F. of L. wheel horse, has been answered by several Catholic priests, among others, for calling John Brophy, loyal son of the Church, a Communist. The World Y[illegible] C[illegible] *similarly labeled, has demanded time* ance says that out of hundreds of thousands of members, just twenty-seven are known to be communists. Among Mr. Frey's less happy moments was his attack on a good A. F. of L. man, president of the Utah State Federation of Labor. Frey's charges of alleged communism in the CIO were too strong for the stomach even of Homer Martin, of the UAW, who has done a little in the same line himself.

This preposterous mass of stuff merits no reply in detail. We have been through the whole thing several times before, in the Lusk inquiry, the Fish investigation and the Dickstein probe. Every well informed person knew that there are Communists in the United States, even before an erstwhile radical like J. B. Matthews popped up on the witness stand to astonish Mr. Dies and himself with the information. There are 75,000 Communist Party members in the country out of a voting population of about 67,000,000. Communists are active in many of the organizations that have been mentioned in Washington, and in some that have not. Their influence is usually larger than their numbers, since they have brains and work hard. But it is absolute nonsense to suppose that they are in these organizations to wreck them, and our civilization as well. In fact, the Communists today are not acting as a revolutionary group; they are so committed to the policy of coöperation with all democratic forces that one can hardly tell them from the New Deal Democrats. If the Dies Committee really wants to look at the revolutionists, they should try to find one of the tiny handful of Trotskyists, who still maintain the position that the Communists took twenty years ago. But the Dies Committee isn't really interested in investigating anything. It wants to raise the biggest holler that it can, to smear the President and his advisers, and to gain the admiring plaudits of the timorous old ladies of both sexes who look under the bed every night for a Bolshevik with a bomb.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1938,
IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.
40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK

Editors

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors

H. N. BRAILSFORD HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN W. P. MANGOLD
JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD R. G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD, *Advertising Manager* BYRON DEXTER, *Circulation Manager*

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;

LICENSED TO NZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Garner, Texas Bogey Man

SOME MONTHS AGO, the oil companies' Senator, Mr. Tom Connally, proposed Mr. John N. Garner as the 1940 Democratic candidate for President. At the end of Congress this June, a report was circulated that twenty-eight Democratic reactionaries in the Senate had secretly pledged themselves to his cause. Within the last few days, it has been rumored that Senator Burke, leader in the fight against the Supreme Court bill, was actively building up a Garner-for-President organization.

How likely is Mr. Garner to be the conservatives' St. Bernard, dragging them back across snow and ice to power? Most observers here think the chance is poor. Mr. Garner will be seventy years old when the national Democratic convention meets in 1940, and would be seventy-five by the end of his first term. A still graver handicap is that he has lived all his life in the South. Since the Civil War, no Southerner has received a major-party nomination.

Nevertheless, anything can happen in politics, and Mr. Garner remains a New Deal threat. This is almost entirely because of the immense puffing up he has had from the newspapers. Of himself, Mr. Garner would not be especially dangerous—not nearly so dangerous as Senators Wheeler or Clark. The mythical, newspaper-created "Cactus Jack"—originally "The Chaparral Cock of the Frio," but this was too hard for non-Texan tongues—is a tougher opponent.

The Garner legend began with his election as Speaker of the House in 1930, but it has attained its full glory only in late months. Mr. Garner's own contribution has been to keep his mouth shut. In this he follows the pattern of Mr. Coolidge. Garner never speaks in public, while at the same time favored correspondents write of his alleged homely wisdom. To set beside Mr. Coolidge's: "They hired the money . . ." we have Cactus Jack's: "First let the cattle get fat. . . ."

Why has Mr. Garner broken with the New Deal? His friends estimate that he is worth about a million dollars. Guesses about the fortunes of public men are notoriously unreliable, but, with the possible exceptions of RFC Chairman Jesse Jones and Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, it is not unlikely he is the wealthiest member of the official administration group. He is worth perhaps two and a half times as much as Mr. Roosevelt. His economic status undoubtedly is part of the answer. It makes him particularly resentful of New Deal taxation. He is alleged to have complained that WPA disbursements have raised the cost of Mexican labor in his pecan grove.

However, merely to tag Mr. Garner [illegible]

his elevation to the Vice-Presidency, he was a small-time politician. From his reported private views, he still looks upon the world with a small-time politician's eyes. Until about eighteen months ago, the New Deal pleased most groups of voters in Mr. Garner's home town, Uvalde, and his home district, the 15th Texas. Had Mr. Garner still been a member of the House, the New Deal would have been a profitable line of goods to peddle to his constituents. During this period, Mr. Garner was one of the most enthusiastic helpers that the "Boss" had in Congress.

Their first serious disagreement arose over the sit-down strikes early in 1937. In the 15th Texas, the "substantial" voters were mainly anti-union, while the CIO was almost non-existent. After carefully canvassing Uvalde opinion, Mr. Garner decided that continued tolerance of the sit-down strikes would be madness. It would tend to drive away middle-class support, without bringing in additional working-class votes—votes that the administration did not already possess. In a celebrated interview at the White House, he told Mr. Roosevelt approximately this in plain, Texas language.

By themselves, the sit-down strikes would not have produced a split between Messrs. Roosevelt and Garner. Up to that time—contrary to what reactionaries now say—Mr. Garner was far from being distressed by the policies the President was pursuing. The 15th Texas was preponderantly anti-union, but—like most of the South and West—it was also ferociously anti-Wall Street. Mr. Garner reveled in the Pecora investigation of the stock market, and was delighted by the devaluation of the dollar. Mr. Roosevelt's enmity to big business he regarded as brilliant political inspiration.

The effective breach between Messrs. Roosevelt and Garner occurred over the Supreme Court reorganization bill. It was wholly political. Recently Republican columnists have tried to describe Mr. Garner as the hidden captain of the forces against Supreme Court reorganization. This just isn't so. Mr. Garner consulted Uvalde opinion, and found that the Supreme Court issue was looked on with the greatest apathy. Personally Mr. Garner was inclined to feel that the Court was an arm of "the money power of the North," and—much more damning—a Republican fortress.

After the Supreme Court bill had been fought over for several weeks, however, Mr. Garner began to be alarmed about its ultimate effect on the Democratic party organization. He made a count of Democratic senatorial noses, and decided that the utmost the President could obtain peaceably would be an increase in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt to accept a two-Justice compromise, and call the Senate fight off. He found that Mr. Roosevelt was more concerned about constitutional principle than political expediency. Undoubtedly this shocked Mr. Garner. He felt he had misjudged his man.

Partly to express his disapproval of what he considered party suicide, and partly because of his wife's health, Mr. Garner packed his bags and left for Uvalde. When Senate majority-leader Robinson died, he joined the congressional funeral train at Little Rock, Arkansas, and on the trip back to Washington painstakingly reviewed the party's situation. At the White House, he informed Mr. Roosevelt that the fight was lost. He was placed in charge of the remnants of the bill. In the ensuing negotiations, he calmly permitted Mr. Burt Wheeler, leader of the opposition, to win a complete, shattering victory. The White House advisers have never forgiven him for what they consider his treachery.

Since then, although Mr. Roosevelt and he are outwardly jovial towards one another, he has moved steadily away from the New Deal. The formerly frequent telephone conversations between the White House and the vice-presidential office have largely ceased, and in the Senate cloakroom Mr. Garner has commented on New Deal legislation with increasing acerbity. Apparently he has arrived at a point where he is ready to kill the whole New Deal program—at least until the cattle pronounce themselves sufficiently fat.

Nevertheless, this observer is bound to recall a previous occasion when Mr. Garner was the reactionaries' St. George. For a period of eighteen months, in 1930-32, Mr. Garner was Speaker of the House under a Republican administration, and ranking member of the Democratic Party. Beneath the blandishments of Mr. W. R. Hearst, he committed his party to balancing the budget through a federal sales tax. Overnight he became, just as he is today, the idol of the conservative Republican press. Under the leadership of the present Mayor LaGuardia of New York City, the House progressive bloc defeated the sales-tax proposal. Without pausing for breath, Mr. Garner swung the Democratic majority behind what was then the most radical measure before Congress, a $3,000,000,000 pump-priming relief bill, for which Messrs. LaGuardia and La Follette had been vainly agitating. In a magnificent gesture, he transformed the measure into one to provide postoffices for every Democratic member of the House—with an added provision for printing a billion dollars' worth of paper money.

Taken not as "Cactus Jack," but as a small-time machine politician, Mr. Garner is a curious and not unattractive figure. His genuine distinction is that he has been able to cling uninterruptedly to the federal payroll for thirty-five years. During this time, he is

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elected to Congress from the 15th Texas in 1903, and has served longer than anyone else in either chamber, save only his Texas colleague, Mr. Morris Sheppard, who was elected to the Senate in 1902.

Born on a Texas farm, he had an ambition to better himself which was frowned on by his father. At nineteen, abetted by his mother, he ran away and put himself under the patronage of his mother's brother. An effort to gain a formal education was frustrated by sickness. In "Who's Who," he bluntly records that he "had limited school advantages." Nevertheless, at twenty-one he managed to be admitted to the bar and to join a prosperous rural law firm. At twenty-five he was a county judge. The next year he married Miss Ettie Rheiner, a person of extraordinary personal integrity, who ever since has been his political secretary and general manager.

Nowadays, the Garners live in a Washington hotel. In a woman's magazine, shortly after her husband became Vice-President, Mrs. Garner set down their daily routine. She rises about five o'clock and has a period of religious contemplation. She then squeezes Mr. Garner's grapefruit and draws his bath. He is up at six-thirty, and at seven they descend to the hotel cafeteria. Mr. Garner has breakfast, paying for it in cash. Mrs. Garner eats nothing. At seven-thirty they arrive at the vice-presidential office in their vast government limousine. At noon Mr. Garner departs for the Senate, where he spends the afternoon in the cloakroom with his old-time colleagues. Usually the Garners are in their rooms at six o'clock, at which time the telephone is cut off for the night. At nine they are in bed.

In the same article, Mrs. Garner tells of having bought a winter coat for $55, and a spring coat for $39. She explains, however, that they are investments, as she expects them to last for three or four years. She has rarely spent a hundred dollars a year for clothes. She sometimes knits herself a suit in the evening periods between dinner and bedtime, while Mr. Garner listens to the radio or reads biographies of his favorite figure in history, Andrew Jackson. Occasionally they go to a movie, almost never to the theatre or to parties.

From this, however, it should not be deduced that their lives are bleak, or that Mr. Garner is henpecked. They are country people, and through a lifetime of city-dwelling have maintained country habits. In bygone days Mr. Garner was a celebrated congressional poker player, member of a weekly game which included the forbidding Uncle Joe Cannon and Mr. Nicholas Longworth. Apparently it was here that he made the friendships that enabled him to progress silently from committee chairmanship to committee chairmanship until he reached the speakership. To Mrs. Garner, and her scrupulous, day-by-day regard for constituents' requests, is probably due her husband's unfailing reëlection each two years, from the 15th Texas.

ner's relationships with his fellow Congressmen, on which his wire-pulling abilities are based. Perhaps the best example of the level on which they are established is the well-known episode of the Mikado and Mr. Garner's socks. In 1935, he and Mrs. Garner were members of a congressional junket to attend the inauguration of President Quezon at Manila. Their journey lay through Japan, and weeks before it was pointed out to Mr. Garner by his colleagues that the Japanese revered their emperor as a god, and removed their shoes when approaching his presence. Did Mr. Garner mean to appear before the Mikado in cotton socks? Mr. Garner answered firmly that he had not worn more than two pairs of the fancy, striped kind (*i.e.*, silk) in his life, and god or no god, he would wear cotton.

This provoked a congressional protest. Mr. Garner was told that he jeopardized United States prestige. Gifts of silk socks were made by congressional delegations. He remained unmoved. He asserted that Mr. William Jennings Bryan, on a visit to Japan, had become befuddled before the sock problem, and had faced the Mikado wearing socks of different colors, one of which had a hole in the heel. He promised that his socks, although humble, would match and would be approved by Mrs. Garner. En route to Japan, Messrs. Garner and the late Speaker Byrnes formally viewed each other's socks, found them in order and so cabled the President.

These preparations upset the hypersensitive Imperial government, which went to some pains to assure United States correspondents that no foreigner, including Mr. Bryan, had been required to remove his shoes in two generations. Mr. Garner declined to change his story. Meeting Mr. Jesse Jones at the White House offices on his return, he announced that he had made the whole trip on a single pair of white cotton socks.

As stated earlier, it is doubtful if "Cactus Jack" will be the next President. But the successes of organized propaganda are unpredictable; few observers here would have believed that Mr. Garner could have been made into the solid national figure that he now unquestionably is. He is one of the reasons why New Dealers will sleep easier when the 1940 Democratic convention is past.

JONATHAN MITCHELL

The Loyalists Can Still Win

I RETURNED to Republican Spain frankly fearing that this might be my last visit before catastrophe. On July 24—the day before Loyalist veterans crossed the Ebro and stopped Franco's Valencia drive in its tracks—I left Barcelona knowing that democratic Spain will be free for a long time yet. In fact, I departed convinced that the war will last for another nine months or a year at least—and knowing that it is still perfectly possible for the Barcelona-Valencia forces to win.

Upon reëntering Barcelona after a year's absence the first reaction expresses itself in the repeated exclamation, "The Catalans are in the war at last!" The transformation in Catalonia's great seaport is startling to behold. Beer and sandwiches have disappeared from the cafés, but so have the throngs of male civilians who lolled along the Ramblas last August. Shops are ill stocked, wine is very scarce, tobacco is a rare and cherished luxury. Meals are modest; sugar is precious; soap is well-nigh worth its weight in silver. Elevators no longer run and the Hotel Majestic has taken on the familiar, seedy look of the Florida and Victoria in Madrid. Hundreds sleep in the subway stations at night from fear of air raids. The city—swollen from a normal 1,100,000 to more than 2,500,000 inhabitants—is blacked out from nine o'clock every night. By daylight the naked scars of great apartment buildings strike the eye. "One hundred people were killed there in March," says my companion. Barcelona has become [illegible]

Is there anything cheering in all that? A very few days of inquiry and observation demonstrate, most emphatically, that there is. The war has clamped down more harshly than ever upon Loyalist Spain, but the morale of the people and the army has risen proportionately. In seventeen years of reporting I have never seen any people thrive so amazingly under adversity as the Spanish people have done and are doing. Republican leaders say that the army has never been so united and determined as now—and every visible evidence tends to confirm this statement. Foreign observers agree that the pitiless bombings of Barcelona have aroused Catalan resistance as never before. I heard plenty of belly-aching and apologizing in this city last August. This year Barcelona tingled with a new kind of strength. Yes, Catalans—Republicans and Anarchists alike—are in the war at last.

But that alone would not be enough to stave off defeat and make eventual victory a sober, long-term possibility against Fascist-loaded odds. What about the army and air force? What about food and munitions? What about that crushing collapse of the Aragon front in March and April? How far have the Republicans recovered and what is their situation now?

Take the armies, northern and southern, first of all. The combined Loyalist armies today number approximately 900,000 men, including the carabiñeros, the police and rearguard battalions. General Franco's three-

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dislodge the Government's south-of-the-Ebro salient verifies that claim. Actually the Republicans enjoy a marked superiority both in men under arms and in reserve manpower. In the past three weeks they have revealed a remarkable striking power and synchronization between northern and southern armies. The triphammer triple offensives—first toward Gandesa, then up from the south toward Albarracin and finally across the Segre above Lerida—have been brilliantly timed and executed and have jolted the Rebel forces back on their heels.

It appears now that the Insurgent-Fascists' Valencia drive has been crippled for months to come. However that may be, there no longer remains any doubt about the vital importance of the northern Republican forces in Catalonia. The Army of the Ebro is, and will remain, a formidable stumbling block in Franco's path. Yet this very army was considered a shattered remnant of resistance less than four months ago. This is the army upon which Loyalist success or failure must finally hinge. If it can be beaten down, Franco will win in time. If it is strong enough to harass and hack to pieces the Rebels' dangerously extended and exposed rearguard lines, it can turn the tide.

The Army of the Ebro contains the pick of the officers and men of the old Fifth Regiment, that regiment which saved Madrid and Spain in the first eight months of the war. The Army of the Ebro is at least 250,000 strong and it's likely to be twice that strong in another six months. From Tortosa up the Ebro river, then up the Segre past Lerida and into the Catalan Pyrenees this army is entrenched behind exceptional natural defenses. Military experts insist that only a formidable and most costly offensive can hope to cross the Ebro and Segre rivers and break through. In their opinion Franco could not envisage such an attempt at the present time without concentrating all his forces and abandoning his southern front, a thing he cannot do.

It is important to know what units make up the Army of the Ebro. It consists of the Fifth, Twelfth and Fifteenth Army Corps and its new commander-in-chief is General Modesto, a thirty-two-year-old Andalusian who has risen from a sergeant since July, 1936, and is recognized as the most brilliant tactician the Republican military has developed. With Modesto is General Rojo, one of the few outstanding officers of the old army who remained loyal to the republic. The famous Lister commands Modesto's old army corps, the Fifth. The Twelfth is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Galan whom Colonel Copic (retiring as commander of the Fifteenth International Brigade) rates as on a par with Modesto. Lieutenant-Colonel Tagueña, who has the reputation of being the third finest officer in Republican Spain despite his youthful twenty-five years, commands the Fifteenth Army Corps. In addi- El Campesino, "The Peasant" major who is re- division along the Ebro. This is an imposing array of officers and men. It is difficult to believe that anything short of a complete collapse in central Spain or a disastrous lack of airplanes and artillery can beat them down. Morale and fighting capacity and fighting, experienced leadership are their last worries.

This raises the question of war materials. The Fascist-supplied Insurgents enjoy a serious advantage here but, as yet, by no means an overwhelming advantage. The Loyalists have no lack of munitions and guns and hand grenades, and they are manufacturing a very considerable quantity of these themselves. They are badly handicapped in the face of Nazi Germany's crack artillery—and artillerymen. Germany's excellent anti-aircraft also gravely outnumbers their own, while Nazi-Fascist fliers revel in a ratio of five to one where fighting ships and bombers are concerned. Moreover, as far as I could learn and observe, the French frontier is completely closed. This is the one crucial threat to the Republican armies.

It needs to be known that the republic now has an all-Spanish air force of nearly 1,400 men, including 650 Spanish pilots. It has hundreds more in training. Right now 300 additional planes—300 planes alone—would save Spanish democracy and inflict such terrific defeats upon the Franco-Fascists that their rearguard, with its rot of dissensions and conflicting interests, would surely collapse. In the trans-Ebro drive toward Gandesa even 100 more Loyalist planes would have turned a serious blow into a Franco rout.

Of course, the one-sided embargo on arms—as imposed upon democratic Spain by England, France and the United States—can still crucify millions of Spanish Republicans. Time and again Loyalist leaders said to me: "Give us the right to buy arms, give us even part of the rights you permit to Franco, give us only half as many planes as the Fascists have—and we will win." This is true.

You can paste it inside your hat that the Armies of the Republic are a long way from being licked—a very long way. Their will to resist and to fight to the death is still a thing of steel and extraordinary to behold. Barring a complete dissipation of materials on the Loyalist side or increased German-Italian intervention on a colossal and utterly unprecedented scale, Franco cannot possibly clean up either central-southern Spain or Catalonia in three months, or in six months. My own feeling grows steadily stronger that the Spanish conflict will last until the second World War begins. Meanwhile Franco's real troubles are due to start blossoming.

For those who believe that the saving of democracy in Spain means an incalculable stride toward saving democracy elsewhere in Europe (and South America), the present situation in Loyalist territory is far from disheartening. In truth, it is inspiring. Spanish Repub-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or for more than a year, but in many ways they are stronger of heart and of sinew and certainly more closely united than ever before. They can still win—*if* the men who govern the democracies, so-called and real, want to give them the chance to win. They can still win—*if* all those people outside, the democrats and liberals and Leftists who believe they ought to win, will fight hard enough on their home grounds to see that Republican Spain gets the chance it has earned with blood and inestimable heroism.

The Loyalists won't lose this war—but we can lose it for them! It's high time that that fateful and determinant fact soaked through our honorably intentioned skulls!

LELAND STOWE

Diagram for Democracy[1]

COLONEL ROBERT ISHAM RANDOLPH is a Republican, an Episcopalian and a consulting engineer. He spoke as representative of the Chicago Association of Commerce at a House hearing in December, 1937, upon the proposal that seven more such regional planning experiments as the Tennessee Valley Authority be set up in other sections of the country. He gave his views solemnly: "In my opinion, the TVA Act is the compounding of the greatest political and economic crime that has been committed since the building of the pyramids."

Whatever else he may have done, the Colonel covered considerable territory in this statement of his contention that the United States, having made a colossal blunder in war time at Muscle Shoals, had gone on to build the blunder bigger and bigger in TVA. That certainly is a point of view. And unfortunately such sweeping judgments in pyramidal terms will probably have to be evaluated by those who come after us as we come after the Pharaohs. The rest of us must base judgments on the TVA, which was designed and made alive by Congress in 1933, by determination as to how nearly in 1938 the performance in the Valley has advanced in fulfillment of the plan.

In the Chicago Colonel's view, TVA accomplishment might be merely the expansion of the dimensions of the TVA crime. That would be a quantitative criticism. But Dr. Arthur Morgan, who shared the TVA dream, has before and since his removal from the directorship of the dream, subjected TVA to a searching qualitative analysis.

"The manner of achieving a solution is important," he said.

That was the winter when he knew already that the shaping of life in the Tennessee Valley in the terms of his concept of the solution of American problems was not to be permitted. But the planning and the performance went on, and in 1937 Dr. Morgan spoke his anger, not troubling to hide what had grown into hate.

"Napoleon sought a United States of Europe," the tall, thin, tortured engineer went on, "though how much from a spirit of service and how much from a vaulting personal ambition, is a question. His method of using arbitrary force not only failed, but set back the development of European good will for a long period. In the great opportunity for service in the solution of the power issue, there is danger of attracting people who are ruled by a Napoleonic complex, which leads them to use any method at hand, including intrigue, arbitrary force and appeal to class hatred."

As definitely as if he had named him, Dr. Morgan spoke of David Lilienthal. He has certainly advanced TVA by fighting its opponents. Indeed, his combative behavior has sometimes been no better than that of those with whom he was dealing. And upon occasion that was pretty tough. Lilienthal, who retains in his late thirties that boyish charm, deferential and disarming, which even Arthur Morgan himself at one time felt, is undoubtedly, for good or evil, the man who has done most of TVA's fighting and who has taken and given most of the licks. But to call him Napoleonic seems to me absurd. There is no political future for a Jew in Tennessee. If I were to pick out a historical prototype for Lilienthal's psychological pattern, I should choose and change a Disraeli from conservative preoccupations with empire to liberal determination to make democracy work.

But Lilienthal is by no means alone in power in Tennessee. Far otherwise. There exists an almost filial friendship between Harcourt Morgan, the new chairman, and the younger man. The city man has shared Harcourt Morgan's countryman's sense of the importance of the soil. And they have shared together—the scientist in his seventies and the lawyer in his thirties—a native, rooted sense of democratic processes at work in a democratic land. They work well together. They plan together in understanding.

When in the summer of 1933 Dr. Harcourt Morgan and Lilienthal stopped Dr. Arthur Morgan in the full flight of his almost single-handed direction of the TVA and had divided the primary responsibilities of the directors, Dr. H. A. Morgan undertook the management of the fertilizer and agricultural phases of the program. That in a real sense set him off in a happy and productive isolation from the anger which was generated by conflicting notions and personalities of Arthur

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had the same administrative responsibilities for all power activities. Dr. H. A. Morgan has attended steadily to his particular and well loved job. He still attends to it, describing its functions and its accomplishment with pencil on paper, even though now he is chairman of the Authority as well. But Lilienthal, who has never been chairman, has seemed to shape the direction of TVA and make it in all its emphases, except in spoken and written ones, predominantly power.

This, I know, Lilienthal would deny. Indeed, he has denied it. Not long ago he told investigating Congressmen: "The power program has been a dramatic and spectacular phase of the Authority's work because it has been so vigorously fought by private interests. This committee will find, however, that it is by no means the sole or even the most important of the Authority's objectives. . . ."

That is exactly the sort of statement by Lilienthal which still throws Dr. Arthur Morgan into a fury of charges about falsehood and misrepresentation. Of course, it is neither falsehood nor misrepresentation, but it is lawyer talk, uttered in understanding of all the connotations of language. I am sure that Lilienthal is devoted to the whole program for the conservation and utilization of the Tennessee Valley.

"We are already well along," he said, "with the construction of engineering works which will provide a channel through the whole length of the Tennessee River, perhaps equal to any inland waterway in the world. The same projects will in a large measure control the floods which in the past have periodically ravaged the Tennessee River basin, and will contribute substantially to control of floods in the Mississippi. We have already initiated land-use practices in wide and constantly increasing use which will husband the soil and soil fertility, prevent erosion and contribute to restoring the prosperity of one of the impoverished regions of the nation."

That statement always comes first. Power only afterwards. It is as logical as a stream.

"The same dams," he continued, "which are creating a new and magnificent waterway and providing for the control of floods also create a large amount of power. That power is the paying partner. And sales of this power are now being made throughout the Southeast to many towns, farmers' coöperatives, a number of industries, and to private power companies."

There is more than lawyer logic in this program for falling water. But the phrase "incidental power" which runs through TVA literature and turns up steadily in TVA talk is a lawyer's phrase which deftly meets court decisions with regard to TVA's right to sell power. Mr. Lilienthal as a lawyer, and a lawyer interested in cheap power for all the people, has a talent for making his phrases and his philosophy current among those [illegible] TVA about which he talks in such were the representatives of a farmers' organiza-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

float—moving canned goods and gasoline, cutting business costs and freight rates and stirring industrial development into being upon the savings of inland water-borne navigation.

All this is TVA as Congress contemplated it and as Lilienthal sees it. Never doubt that. But never believe either that power in TVA is incidental. Flood control and navigation, national defense, even cheap fertilizer are the incidentals. TVA is power.

To February 28, 1938, the total investment in all the programs of the Tennessee Valley Authority was $216,092,882. Of this sum $94,125,671 was in the three completed Wilson, Wheeler and Norris Dams. In its allocation report to the President TVA recently held that of this sum 52 percent should be charged to power (Senator Norris complained this was too much), 28 percent to navigation, 20 percent to flood control and nothing to either fertilizer or national defense. Fifty-two percent of the investment in these completed dams is $48,945,348. If the same allocation ratio is applied to investments in dams under construction, the power investment in them amounts to $38,390,487. Add these sums and add to them those sums in the investment statement for transmission lines and other properties related only to power, and the sum of the power investment to February 28, 1938, is shown to be $108,535,831 out of a total investment of $216,092,882. Figuring on the same basis, the TVA investment in flood control is $33,590,706, in navigation $47,026,988, and in fertilizer $12,232,719. Sums not easily allotted from the investment statement total $14,706,637. Thus half the total investment now is in power and the investment in power is greater than the investment devoted to any other two of the important purposes contemplated in an integrated river development.

It would be easy to conclude then, as the utility executives have clamored, that all this business from fertilizer to flood control is in Tennessee a mask for a government subsidy in power. And this integrated river, I think, is a mask; but it is such a mask as Max Beerbohm's Happy Hypocrite wore while doing good and which, he discovered to his delight after good doing, became his own beatific countenance. Even if TVA began, as I think it did, as a weapon in the power fight, even if the production and sale of power in that fight is still its first preoccupation under Lilienthal, still the river and the power now run so wisely together that in the truest sense they are integrated to serve all who live in the better valley.

We Americans do most of our planning afterwards. I think we did in the case of TVA. There were, of course, those who felt that the war-time investment in Wilson Dam gave the government a foothold on a river from which it might intelligently undertake the integrated development of a river. But louder than any

selves who urged that plants designed to make nitrates as munitions be transformed—in a perfect megalomania of turning swords into plowshares—into plants making cheap fertilizers for farmers.

Then as the years marched past proposals to lease Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford and other industrialists and industrial corporations, the idea grew in the minds of George W. Norris and some other advocates of public-power development that this Tennessee River and the government's development upon it offered a strategic opportunity to hit and hit hard at the "power trust." But the blow had to wait for striking for the convergence of Norris and Roosevelt and the depression.

And when TVA was set up, neither Norris nor Roosevelt nor the people nor the utilities were under any delusions about the purposes for which TVA was created. But even then TVA moved deliberately between power and navigation, power and national defense, power and fertilizer, actually in all cases between power and the courts. And thus far it has moved with as much success as deliberation. And TVA has turned out not only to be legal but sensible—which is something of an achievement in itself.

Though Dr. Harcourt Morgan's preoccupation with the soil on the little farms would seem to be far off from the powerhouse, actually his fertilizers and David Lilienthal's kilowatts fit snugly together. For in the phosphates and the legumes lie the hope not merely of more fruitful farms but also of reservoirs remaining longer useful as longer free from the silt washed down from gullied fields, useful longer not only for power but for navigation and flood control as well.

The engineers and the business men, the economists, the sociologists and the salesmen begin to quarrel over the water as soon as it leaves the farm. (The fertilizer dealers are quarrelsome over the competition on the land.) The argument goes on as to whether dams designed to hold water to prevent floods should be filled with water before flood to make power and float boats. The argument goes on as to whether in this age, when buses on good roads have supplemented railroads which are starving for traffic, any great service is rendered by the creation of a new nine-foot inland waterway at a cost of millions. The argument goes on as to whether power can be made as cheaply by water power as in steam plants.

And I think that piece by piece the best of the argument might be against TVA. Lilienthal admits power can be made cheaper in steam plants. There are serious questions involved in the use of dams designed to hold flood waters for other purposes. Despite all the tons of traffic which TVA rate experts count in the nineteen-forties, and helpful as has been the TVA interest in the freight-rate differential in the South, I think the benefits of the navigation plans of the times even it seemed to me that the land-use and land-improvement activities, involving the phosphates, are too late and too limited to put the brakes on that agriculture which TVA people report to be still sliding downhill.

"During the first three years of its operation," Harcourt Morgan declared, "the Authority formed and launched its present extensive program of flood control, navigation, experimental production and test of phosphatic fertilizers, soil conservation, national defense and utilization of hydroelectric power, built an organization of 14,000 employees selected in accordance with current progressive principles of a merit and career-service system free from political patronage, purchased millions of dollars' worth of equipment, thousands of acres of land, and developed extensive relationships of coöperation with federal, state and local agencies in programs of malaria control, apprentice training, soil-erosion control, reforestation, rural electrification and many other related programs."

The three years have grown to five. That process, complex as the whole life of a whole valley, goes on. It will go on. Here is planning not for profit or even power but for people, and a planning designed to have room in it for the people's own participation. Nothing is more definite now in the thinking in the personnel from the top to the bottom of the Authority than the faith, even the certainty, that TVA cannot transform even one valley but that it can give the people opportunity to transform themselves.

Whatever the critics of TVA may say, that is an attitude not handed down from Washington but grown out of this Tennessee land, and cherished by Harcourt Morgan and David Lilienthal.

"You know," old man Harcourt Morgan said, "I'm not much a one for government ownership. I don't think there's a drop of socialism in me. But what is this democracy we talk about in the United States?"

He looked at me like a teacher questioning. But the answer was his.

"I'll show you."

On a yellow legal pad with a sharp pointed pencil he diagrammed this democracy. He talks steadily with a pencil and a pad, even more eloquently, they tell me, with chalk and a blackboard. Then on his pad he drew a series of connecting rectangles: three of them, one above the other. He labeled them: federal, state, local governments. And on the right side of the figure he wrote, "Individual Initiative" in the cramped and abbreviated style of a professor's notes. He underlined it.

"That's been stressed," he said. "In the schools and everywhere. But there's another thing that's just as important in a democracy."

He wrote it on the pad opposite Individual Initia-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He tore off the sheet on the pad and laid bare another page for his illustrated talking.

"That's what we're doing here. That's what we've been doing for five years. That's what we've all got to do."

The diagram was too simple, of course. The lesson even a little too perfect, too pat. But I remembered the Sallsworth farm where phosphates and planned farming under trained suggestion—not direction there—were keeping gullies out of steep fields which ran up precipitately from the farm house to the ridge. And I considered that if the topsoil could be kept on only that steep farm it would make a difference for the South all the way from Grainger County to the Gulf. And the topsoil is being saved now on many farms. It must be saved on vastly more. And the water: in the same process the water is being saved for the farm; the water is being used for power and for boats; the water is being held against destruction. And in the valley where the water moved men were guiding power to houses and cities and barns.

"Land and water," Harcourt Morgan said.

"And democracy," I thought.

"Land and water," he repeated. "That's all we are; that's all any people are."

But a great people must learn the uses in wisdom of land and water; they must be freed in the use of the land from both the economic greeds and the economic pressures which destroy. Slowly, as it can, TVA is doing that. Subsidy may be involved in the process. A people in one Southern valley may be receiving a chance at the expense of all the other people. I doubt it. TVA may not teach us the proper price of power but it may teach us the power for the people in a democracy at work. That could not cost too much.

JONATHAN DANIELS

Good-bye Vienna

THE AIRPLANE PASSED OVER the green and silver lakes of the Salzkammergut, flying low so that every detail of their Christmas-toy beauty came out distinctly. You could even see the dress of the peasants, the bodice and kirtle of the girls, the leather breeches and chamois-tail hats of the boys. And then suddenly—with what Captain Liddell Hart would call a tactical not a strategical surprise: one knew it was coming and yet was surprised when it came—the hill and river and compact perfection of Salzburg.

It was exactly then, I think, that I had a feeling of personal and collective loss—of what the world had lost on March 12. I had been in Vienna for ten days, very busy collecting information, stories, all very close to the immediate problems of terror, the secret police, the concentration camp. I had scarcely had time to go beyond those crowding, specific and vivid everyday horrors. There had been no shade of sentiment over the business, in that most sentimental of cities: it was too close, too urgent. But now, as the slim sausage of the Lufthansa plane circled and dipped to land at Salzburg, feelings of nostalgia and loss arose with the land beneath us. There was the shining curve of the river; there beside it was the Oesterreichischer Hof; there above, stern and gray in the sun, was the Festung, the Fortress. I remembered all sorts of things, jumbled together—the finales of "Fidelio" and "Falstaff," as they had been a year and two years and three years ago in the festival theatre just over there; the long *accelerando* of the Fourth Symphony of Brahms; the place where you went to look at the wooden Christ; the spreading beer-house where they made a specialty of [illegible] where you could get the crowds on the bridge at evening; the echo in the Cathedral. There was the odd old woman in the little pension where we went when we first visited Salzburg (we used to call her Frau Gassenschank, I forget why); she was like somebody in a sentimental Viennese film, always smiling, and one time when I had been playing the "Walztraum" on the piano I went out to find her waltzing and singing as she swept the floor in the hall. Needless to say, the floor was not exceptionally well swept, but who cared?

Well, all that was gone. Frau Gassenschank would have to learn how to step briskly and hold her hand up and say "Heil Hitler." No doubt she had already learned. The baroque walls of the town would echo to the sound of marching feet—crisp, exact marching in goose-step. There would be other music, other audiences in the Festspielhaus.

I remembered the three lamentable performances I had just now attended at the Vienna Opera with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in the pit. That same orchestra! . . . It was hard to believe. I had exact information on the orchestra. Only twelve members had been obliged to leave, out of a band of about eighty. But they had been the best twelve, the leaders of the string sections and some of the best of the other players. Their departure, and the departure of some of the best conductors and singers, had left a dispirited body which played raggedly and without tone. Worst had been the performance of "Il Trovatore"—as bad as the Metropolitan in New York at its worst—but that might have been excused on the ground that singers and orchestra were uncongenial to the music. But "Don Giovanni"! What could excuse a rough, unpolished, in-

DIGITIZED BY CUNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The absence of a conductor, a few good singers, a few good players!

One of the players had told me in Vienna that there was a "resonance" in the audience which explained these things.

"We used to get a resonance from our audience, which keyed us up and kept us at our proper level," he said. "We don't get that resonance any more."

Well, perhaps that was it. The audience was all *Kraft durch Freude,* and black shirts and brown shirts, and young people proudly wearing peasant dress at the opera (a thing unknown in Vienna before) to show their right as pure Aryans to do so.

But the very streets of Vienna had been unlike themselves, I remembered. (I had observed this all the time, but it had produced no particular feeling during those busy days.) There were still plenty of beggars and a few prostitutes, although not so many of either as before, but the other people, the 99 percent of the ordinary people not in uniform, seemed to have changed their appearance, their manner, even their gait. It had always been, unquestionably, a soft city, filled with good-natured, self-indulgent, easy-going people, ready to sing at the drop of a hat. Well, they still sang, only it was the "Horst Wessel Lied" and in marshalled groups like military bands. Those who did not wear the swastika—and many thousands do not or cannot—scurried along the streets swiftly, wasting no time on their way to a destination. There was a constraint over the place, over its shops and gardens and beer-houses, even the most Aryan. Heil Hitler!

One of the characteristics of Vienna, of course, was congenital nostalgia for a time lost in the past. I have heard that even before the War, in 1912 and 1913, when the city was the receptacle of everything prosperous in a huge and hard-working empire, people used to say "Ah, but you should have known Vienna in 1900!" —or 1905 or 1890. Certainly in the years after the War it was impossible to speak to anybody in Vienna without hearing that "you should have known it before the War." This backward-looking sentimentalism was, indeed, always a part of the Viennese charm, and I feel sure that the princes and potentates who arrived in 1815 for the Congress of Vienna (not to speak of their thousands of followers) were saluted with remarks about the superiority of "the old days." But Hitler has changed all that. We, the foreigners, may feel that Vienna is now but a depressed and harassed shadow of itself, suddenly gone dead and provincial in a few months; but the Viennese are being taught to say, and do say with parrotlike unanimity when they think a curious eavesdropper may be at hand, that life for them began on March 12 of this year. They have learned to speak all possible ill of their immediate past, their recent governments and republican institutions, their public men who are not Nazi, and their late lamented, to life again.

sentimental point of view, one of the oddest changes that has supervened upon the whole past of Austria. The Hapsburgs, being exiled and not at all dangerous, had acquired a romantic aura in these past twenty years. Even Socialists spoke of them with a certain amount of tolerant amusement and affection, for they had invested Vienna with legends and monuments and memories which had a material value in the tourist and theatrical trades. The Hapsburgs, to this last generation which did not know them, were a regime of shakos and white leather tights and crinolines and flowers dried and faded, all in three-quarter time and very suitable for the films. It startles any visitor nowadays to hear them spoken of so harshly, and to learn that so many of their adherents—that little world of Viennese aristocrats whose very names suggest Maria Theresa—have gone to jail for their romantic loyalty. It is impossible to understand why Hitler takes either the Hapsburgs or their vestigial and penniless aristocracy so seriously, unless it is because of his dislike for anything he has not created himself. But there it is, they have gone too—that is, the pretty shimmer that was left of them, the pretty shimmer that served so well for literary and musical purposes, and was a part of the general romantic glow of Vienna.

For we may laugh at all that, and point out that economic and social truth are more important, but the fact is that Vienna had, both for the visitor and for the inhabitant, a grace of life which has now departed. Perhaps it has been departing for a long time, but we who have known it (and its summer annex, Salzburg) only in recent years may be forgiven for not appreciating the full glories of an even earlier day. What we did know was a city of very mixed population and no prejudices, a city not especially efficient or well organized, but friendly and gay beyond all others, even in its most abject poverty. This highly mixed and pleasure-loving people has now learned that it is "German," and is learning to march in strict cadence, obey orders, prepare for war and keep its mouth shut. Accomplishments in the direction of espionage are much more highly appreciated nowadays than singing or dancing, and the rewards go to those who first understand and exploit the altered values of existence. It is perfectly possible that Vienna dwelt too much on the past for its own good, and that the legions of Hitler have brought regeneration with them: good has been known to come of evil before now. But when Vienna is totally *gleichgeschaltet,* so as to become exactly like any other provincial German town with some baroque architecture and a university—a process which has already gone very far—the world will have lost a resource, a quality, a value. There was something very special in that romantic and decaying culture which no device of the imagination in a workaday world can ever quite bring

LICENSED TO HNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five Songs by Garcia Lorca

Two years after his assassination at Granada by the Fascists, the name and reputation of Federico García Lorca continue to grow, but his actual work remains relatively little known in English. The poems on this page were written when he was scarcely out of his 'teens. They give evidence of the clean line and the bright visual imagery that Lorca was later to command; and they render the sun and sand, the palms and shadowy courtyards of the country that he loved. – R. H.

Seville

Seville is a tower
Full of subtle archers.

Trust Seville to wound,
Córdoba to die in.

City that lies in wait
To catch the ample rhythm
And twist and coil and wind it
To labyrinthine patterns,
Enkindled withe and tendril.

Trust Seville to wound.

Beneath the arch of heaven,
Over the open country,
She looses for ever
Her arrowy river.

Córdoba to die in.

Crazy with horizons
She mingles in her wine
The pure and the bitter,
Don Juan and Dionysus.

Seville to wound, always.

The Guitar

The guitar's plaint begins,
The bowl of the dawn is broken.
The guitar's plaint begins,
Useless to try and still it,
Impossible to still it.
It weeps, monotonous,
As water weeps, or wind
Over the fallen snow.
Impossible to still it.
It weeps for far-off things.
Sand of the burning south
That longs for white camelias,
Arrow without a mark,
Morrowless afternoon,
And songbird dead too soon.
Guitar! O wounded heart

Sunny South

Dry land,
Still land,
Enormous nights.

Wind in the olive grove,
Wind on the mountain.

Old land of lamp and sorrow,
Whose reservoirs are deep,
Of eyeless death and arrow.

Wind along the roads,
Soft wind in the meadow.

Dagger

The dagger enters the heart
Like the coulter in the fallow.

No.
Nail me not so.
No.

As the burning ray of the sun
Blights the terrible valley.

No.
Nail me not so.
No.

And After

The labyrinths
Of Time's creation
Disappear.

Only the desert
Ever endures.

Fountain of longing,
The heart goes dry.

Only the desert
Ever endures.

Kisses, morning,
The dawn's illusion
Disappear.

Only the desert
Ever endures.

Only the desert,
Abounding, abiding.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shoot the Works

"She Ain't What She Used to Be"

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS I have on several occasions offered the timid tribute of a newspaperman to the news integrity of The New York Times. It was my custom to say that whether or not you agreed with its ponderous editorial page, you must admit that it kept the wells of information undefiled.

But war came to Spain and bitterness bloomed along the political front in America. It seems to me that of late The New York Times has strayed far from impartiality on several occasions. As I write the city edition of August 17, 1938, lies before me. The head in the lefthand column reads, "High Federal Aides Are Linked to Reds at House Hearing." If true, that would be an important story and worth rather more than a one-column head. But let us examine the body of the story to see if the dogmatic declaration is justified. And I mean, of course, the testimony of The Times itself without recourse to any outside sources. Let me put in evidence the first paragraph of the story which should contain a summary of the facts:

> Special to The New York Times, Washington, Aug. 17.—The special House committee investigating un-American activities heard charges today that public funds were being used to finance communism in the United States; that prominent federal officials were members of the American League for Peace and Democracy, alleged to be part of the Communist "front" in this country; that the Workers' Alliance, with a membership of about 800,000, was controlled by Communists, and that the American Student Union, with a reported membership of 20,000, was organized by Communists.

Now I submit that the story in The Times does not hold up the headline in The Times. The story says that certain things have been "charged," while the clear implication of the headline is that they have been proved. The point is not merely a technical one. Headlines are a much better test of a paper's policy than the text itself. An editor may bring out a wholly partisan sheet even though the details of the articles printed are accurate enough. It can all be done by apportionment of space, prominence of position and character of headlines.

I am not dealing with an isolated exception but with the entire policy of The Times in handling the sessions of the Dies committee. In my opinion there is much to make one believe that the committee is gunning less for "Reds" than for Roosevelt. Indeed, Kenneth Crawford, of the Washington Bureau of The Philadelphia Record and The New York Post, has advanced the interesting theory that the strategy of the investigators was decided upon after a conference between Dies and Garner.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the prestige of the President will be impaired in the minds of many voters if the impression goes out that his close counsellors are definitely members or adherents of the Communist Party. "Communist" is too long a word to figure much in as president and publisher and take a home correspondence

venience. Its connotations have never been clearly defined but I think it is fair to say that it is generally used to mean an extreme radical. All right, then, is it just for The New York Times to say in its news columns that "High Federal Aides Are Linked to Reds at House Hearing"? Such a statement rests upon the fact that a lame-duck Republican Congressman from Illinois, Noah M. Mason, asserts that certain federal officials belong to the American League for Peace and Democracy and that anybody who belongs to that organization is *ipso facto* a Communist or a close sympathizer with the program of that party.

But before quitting the specific New York Times headline which I have cited, I might add that the phrase "High Federal Aides" also represents a bit of editorializing by the copy desk. I wonder, for instance, whether Alice Barrows of the Office of Education is faithfully pictured as a "High Aide" and potential counsellor of the President. Incidentally The New York Herald Tribune, which is not a partisan of the New Deal, took the story which The Times made page 1 and printed it on page 34. Moreover, The New York Herald Tribune gave its rival a lesson in journalism by putting qualifying quotation marks in its headline. It spoke of the "Red Front."

But in my opinion it was the handling of the testimony of John Frey which constitutes the biggest blot upon the record of The New York Times. For the purposes of the point which I have in mind the truth or falsity of Colonel Frey's statements may be waived for the moment. I am talking of the ordinary standards of the newspaper craft and, in addition to truth, note must be taken of the importance of the material and the worth of the source. The New York Times went into a two-column headline and two columns, or thereabouts, of space to record the fact that John Frey said the CIO was under Communist control. Of course that isn't true but I am trying to reduce my case to its simplest terms. I maintain that the material presented by Frey was no more than a rehash of statements he has made over and over again. Precisely the same charges of his have been printed in The Federationist and in The New York Times, for that matter.

Among the news beats which Frey gave out was the startling revelation that Angelo Herndon is a Communist. Now the case of Angelo Herndon came all the way up to the Supreme Court and the fact was printed over and over again that he was arrested in Georgia after he had distributed radical literature. Does The New York Times actually think that identifying Mr. Herndon as a radical is news?

Again, The Times was generous in giving space to the report of Sullivan, the "ace investigator" for the Dies Committee. The Times thought it worth while to give prominence to his statement that certain Hollywood stars sympathize with the Loyalist cause. In his preliminary report Sullivan kept the specific names a deep, dark secret. If The Times had been truly enterprising it could have found them by looking in its own files. For months, an ambulance for Spain has been sent touring the country and on its sides are printed the names of the Hollywood stars who are proud to be enrolled as opposed to the fascism of Franco.

News indeed! I wonder whether it might not be an excellent idea for Arthur Hays Sulzberger to quit his post

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Demagoguery on the Cheap

IN THE LAST SESSION of Congress, the House leadership and the New Dealers were both opposed to the plan of Representative Martin Dies for a committee to investigate un-American activities. It was finally approved only under pressure from outside groups that innocently believed Mr. Dies could be used to attack the Nazis. However, the House—in order to make sure Mr. Dies would not get into mischief—voted him a relatively small sum of money. Old hands predicted that by the time he had hired a staff and made his investigation, he would not have funds enough to finance more than a few days of hearings.

Last week, Mr. Dies showed he had outsmarted a niggardly Congress. His clever expedient has been to make no investigation at all. His one-man staff, Mr. Ed Sullivan, seems merely to have wandered about the country, picking up whatever assorted accusations he could persuade police chiefs and strike-breaking employers' associations to hand him. Ruefully New Dealers acknowledge that, on his present schedule of expenditure, there is no reason why the parsimonious Mr. Dies cannot continue for weeks, perhaps until the November elections.

Mr. Dies, as most readers will recall, is president of the Demagogues' Club, a group of "country-boy" Congressmen formed for the purpose of badgering New Dealers in the House cloakroom. It has been his boast that he could out-demagogue any man in elective office. Even New Dealers last week were awed by the professional ingenuity of his proposed red-hunt in Hollywood. No such scheme for wholesale newspaper headlines and pictures has ever before sprung from a Congressman's brain.

Nevertheless, despite its marked leaning toward silliness, the Dies investigation last week placed an awkward problem before New Dealers. It was not thought Mr. Dies could harm strong New Deal agencies or CIO unions. But it was understood his committee plans a mud attack on the WPA arts program, and the arts program has few powerful friends in Congress. This attack may have already begun before these Notes appear. It was also reported that the committee means to let itself be made into a sounding board in California for employers' denunciations of Mr. Bridges and his longshoremen's union. Doubtless Mr. Bridges can defend himself, but the hearings may have an unhappy effect on the California campaign, in which New Dealers seem to have a good chance of victory.

How are the Dies committee's charges to be met? The chief accusation has been that Mr. So-and-so is a Communist. For New Dealers or the heads of the CIO to go before Mr. Dies's committee seriously to discuss their political philosophy would be to dignify what otherwise might soon be recognized as a bad joke. There appears to be no strictly legal action against Mr. Dies that can be taken. In a political democracy, probably the only way decent citizens can protect themselves against demagogues is forsightedly to arrange to be born with the skins of rhinoceroses.

reliably reported to have had a long conference in Texas with Vice-President Garner. Beneath Mr. Dies's seeming madness, he undoubtedly has definite political aims. It is believed that he wants to make the CIO a great issue in Texas politics, with himself as chief CIO-baiter. In this role, he will be able to aid in gathering up a pro-Garner, anti-Roosevelt delegation to the 1940 convention. More concretely, it is believed that he is bidding for the active support of the great oil companies, which have so far successfully fought off CIO organizing campaigns. Mr. Dies's current endeavors ought to assure the oil companies' gratitude for both himself and his vice-presidential friend.

Two weeks ago, these Notes told of the concern, even despair, of certain groups of New Dealers at the apparent abandonment of the Democratic purge. On his Western trip, Mr. Roosevelt failed to attack openly four men on the purge list, Senators Van Nuys of Indiana, Clark of Missouri, Adams of Colorado and MacCarran of Nevada. It was suggested here that New Dealers would catch Mr. Roosevelt's progress northward through Georgia and South Carolina with their hearts in their throats. As all the world knows, Mr. Roosevelt fulfilled their brightest hopes, reading out of the Democratic-New Deal Party first Mr. George of Georgia, then Messrs. Tydings of Maryland and O'Connor of New York.

During the last week, a large part of official Washington has been engaged in the pointless discussion of whether—in the newspaper phrase—Mr. Roosevelt jumped or fell. Was he, in other words, always inwardly faithful to the purgers? Only Mr. Roosevelt knows, and practically it doesn't matter.

What is important is that the New Deal shall beat the three conservatives the President named. The most hopeful campaign is that in Maryland, where Mr. Davey Lewis, the "little giant," has become an odds-on favorite. Had the White House purge committee been able to put up candidates as experienced, well known and genuinely liberal as Mr. Lewis against other Democratic conservatives, a new Democratic Party might have been built in this election.

Observers last week were less positive about the result in Georgia, chiefly because of the state's peculiar rule under which a candidate must have a majority of counties, not a majority of votes. The rule usually gives the balance of power to the small rural counties, where, in the past, ex-Governor Eugene Talmadge of the red galluses has had considerable strength. However, Mr. Roosevelt's immense popularity in Georgia is beyond question; it ought to carry the New Deal candidate, Mr. Lawrence S. Camp, to victory. In New York, Mr. O'Connor is loudly appealing for Republican backing. To cross party lines is always politically hazardous, and may cost Mr. O'Connor as many Democratic votes as the President's condemnation. Mr. O'Connor's Democratic-New Deal opponent, Mr. Fay, ran against him in 1936, and only failed to beat him by an eyelash.

Apparent confirmation has reached Washington of conferences between President Homer Martin of the United Auto Workers and Father Coughlin. Not only has Father Coughlin a record of general hostility to industrial unionism

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dealer allegedy friendly to the Ford interests. Previously Father Coughlin, it will be recalled, was reported to be encouraging an independent Ford union. Since the organizing of Ford's Detroit plants ought to be Mr. Martin's principal objective, the report of these talks has disturbed CIO sympathizers here. They hope they will soon be explained.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Extending the Court Power

LIKE MOST NEWSPAPER READERS I have not had time to consider the various parts of the constitution for the State of New York which the convention has been fiddling with in Albany for several months. It may have some 100-carat progressive ideas in it which warrant its acceptance as a whole. But so far as this voter is concerned, they will have to be of a most extraordinary kind to justify approval of the document with the vicious judicial-review feature.

This is not a matter which merely concerns the people of New York. For this judicial-review section may well serve as a model for reactionary groups in other states.

The heart of this section is that it gives to the courts the right to review the alleged judicial and quasi-judicial actions of all administrative boards and commissions on the law and facts. In effect it sets up the courts as the final administrative agents of the state. It makes the utility commission, the banking commission and every other regulatory commission merely a sort of referee to make the initial investigation of the facts. Any aggrieved person who doesn't like the findings of the regulatory body—any power company for instance—may take the matter to the Supreme Court (which in New York is the same as the district court or the county court or the circuit court in other states—that is, it is the court of first resort and very close to the politicians and the dominating law groups in the community).

This is one more extension of the power of the courts—that precious power when properly guarded in a democracy; that dangerous power when it is permitted to ride unchecked.

One of the characteristics of judicial history in this country in the last thirty or forty years has been the courts' own thrift in picking up jurisdiction, extending their power over first one and then another field of government.

One of the very serious assertions of this power is in the operation of corporate receiverships. A judge is selected for his knowledge of the law and his sense of judicial balance—at least that is the fiction. But under the diverse citizenship clause of the Constitution, corporations engaged in interstate commerce, when in trouble, plunge themselves into receiverships in federal courts, fugitives, as it were, from the courts of the state. It is common, in New York, to find a federal court operating a score or more of vast corporate enterprises, utility companies, railroads, industrial organizations. There is no time here to point out the grave consequences of these court receiverships, but one at least may be contempt process. So that when you have a public utility being operated by a federal judge you have an administration which is secure from public criticism. A federal judge now dead once sent to prison a high official of the City of New York because, as its chief financial officer, he wrote him a letter criticizing his actions in connection with the court's administration of a $300,000,000 property of the city which a predatory utility company was using without paying for it.

Another dangerous extension of the power of the courts has been in connection with the anti-trust laws. A group of powerful corporate malefactors are haled into court on criminal and civil complaints for violating the anti-trust laws. Presently the criminal action is dropped in consideration of the defendant's agreement to a consent decree in the civil action. The civil court enters a consent decree in which the court sets up certain rules and regulations covering trade practices. In fact these decrees are nothing short of codes of practice proclaimed by the court. No outside interested person gets a chance to present his interests; the public gets no chance, the consumer gets no chance, labor gets no chance. The court, without any qualification or machinery for adequate study of the intricate trade problems involved, sets itself up as a trade regulatory body and proclaims a code of practice. Thereafter any violator of that code may be summoned under the contempt process.

Now in Albany the reactionary groups in the Republican Party, aided by a few Democrats, put into the constitution of the state a still further and even more vicious extension of this power of the courts. They make these courts the supreme regulatory bodies of the state. And this they do at a time when the confidence of the people in the courts is just about at the lowest ebb.

At this moment, when there are so many problems and so many diverse approaches to them, the most a man can do is to keep his eye upon the general drift and seek as well as he can to keep that drift in things straight. In this country I have for many years believed that the general drift was toward a conviction by business that the economic life of the nation must be controlled and that that control must be in the interest of profit; that this control must therefore take the form of enforced scarcity; that the only power properly equipped to exercise this control was organized business.

There are other evils in our society, but this seems to me to be the supreme evil—the evil which will destroy our democracy and lead ultimately to an American form of fascism. Therefore, every time I see this dangerous energy lift its head I feel it should be struck at. That is why I believed the NRA was the most reactionary thing to show its face in my time.

A part of this whole drift is the attempt to break down the effectiveness of the public control of business. And the favorite way to do that is through the courts which are controlled, of course, by lawyers. And lawyers are soaked with this philosophy of property and the right of the man of property to govern his fellows.

Therefore, for one, I hereby declare that no matter what else this new New York constitution contains—unless it is some extraordinary heaven-sent social manna, which I doubt—I shall on this one count alone vote against it

LICENSED TO MAGNA ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doldrum Weather

VARIETY used to maintain that it was impossible to review a film justly without seeing it in the theatre with an audience, but I notice lately it is breaking its own house-rule and I don't blame it. The way film audiences are tossed around in New York and everywhere else is something that sours my disposition just to think of. I won't go into the fantastic spectacle of people herded and roped up and down the block in the hot summer noontime, waiting to see "Alexander's Ragtime Band" before it goes into places half as expensive and twice as convenient. That is partly a phenomenon of pictures but mostly a repetition of the patterns of get-your-news-hot and the stand-in-line patience of the human race.

What I'm talking about is the whole conception of how to see a picture—which is cockeyed. Granting that the meanest movie house is miles above the stuffy discomfort of the legitimate theatre (more room, more ventilation, more visibility), there is still the fact that the exhibitor's ideal is to keep every seat occupied by as many different people during the day as the traffic will stand. Can't blame him. But since the show is continuous people are continuously streaming across, in front of and upon other people. This is uncomfortable, and so are buses; but the main thing is that it adds a certain element of mystery as to what the thing you paid to see is about. The Radio City Music Hall is probably the most comfortable and rigorously manned large commercial theatre in the world, yet in whole blocks of seats on either side there walk between spectator and spectacle file upon file of spectators either going out or to the million-dollar jakes half a mile below.

To present its single square of light and shadow, the Music Hall spreads and rises to accommodate some 6,000 ($1.65 top) customers. As in all such structures, the birds who get in last (and at certain times of the day most convenient for seeing a show, everybody seems to get in last) are perched about a quarter of a mile from the screen, and from the speakers which are the voice to its image. No magic conquest of the laws of optics and acoustics can keep both sound and picture from distortion somewhere along the line even here—and when you get to older palaces like the Paramount you can sit in seats at such an angle that you wouldn't know your own wife on the screen (not a bad idea but the trope holds good); and you can sit so far away that even above the buzz and bustle of the thousands between, you can hear enough of the sound to realize that it is coming somewhat later than the motion (bands on the stage sometimes seem to be putting away their instruments during the climax of their music).

While the democracy of this is really fine, the edge must be taken off any enjoyment of the beautiful when, if you are to see it, you must move up upon it by a constant stalking vigilance and a series of lunges for the seat five rows up before it gets cool. (Be sure if you remain resolutely where you are, content with half glimpses, you'll still be moving against traffic, for the tide of half the theatre is moving up, past, across and over you.)

I suppose it is this democratic franchise that makes such poor audiences of movie audiences. It is a careless and good-ill manners of the regular theatre audience (the latecomers, my-worders, social ceremonialists, etc.); but it cuts into a good picture horribly. Women of course have a monopoly on rudeness, and where they hunt in packs (matinees particularly and the Music Hall all the time), sight and sound seem to act as almost obscene releases on the reservoirs of chatter. And there is no idea of responsibility to others—you stand in front of them for moments, wavering over a choice of seats or absorbed in what is still passing across the screen. You tramp across eight people in one row and then across four in another to move up twenty feet. You read printed matter out loud unconsciously. Since those who shove make out best, you shove too.

It may seem a sad mess to the numerical few who wouldn't pay any attention to a picture unless it were worth their full attention, and who believe deeply that pictures are worth attention. But the mix of humanity is the same as it is anywhere else. It's all a matter of the tradition. From what I have seen of people looking at something or listening to something anywhere, I should say that the natural response to anything is half response to that thing and half a continuation of the rhythm of personal life—Oh, I just remembered: Joe told me to tell you that Herman . . . or, Doesn't that remind you of, now *who* was it that. . . . But in Symphony and Carnegie Halls, do you understand, the personal half of it is agreed upon as poor taste, definitely. The yap who suddenly remembers the light in the bathroom is by common and almost gleeful consent the center of some very fancy black looks and the target of conclusive hisses. Why? Because he doesn't like the music, because he is the boor implied? No. Because one simply doesn't. Open and shut—and that is the real meaning of audience tradition.

I'm convinced that the audience of movies has a fresher interest and more understanding of the performance than audiences in all the arts where prestige, tradition, social prominence, etc., have entered to confuse the issue. People go because they want to, and not because they must or ought. But here the human weakness is unconfined. And here, more than in any other art, there is much more that is not worth attention by sheer crushing volume.

I don't know what we're going to do about it, or rather I know as usual we'll do nothing but wait for things to change. Things *are* changing slightly, as witness the success of Cue and its assumption that there is an awakening audience which wants to go to *a* movie as opposed to just going to the movies; and the fact that three Metropolitan dailies now list the starting time of the principal feature pictures each night. Some take their movie art seriously, and while I hope they won't presently get stuffy about it, I do hope even more that they will impress upon themselves and their exhibitors that dignity and responsibility which is just as necessary on the part of those who watch as it is on that of those who make and show. There has been a lot of bushwa tossed around about how moving pictures aren't worthy of their audience. I say the two go together, and that since the producer-exhibitor's business ear is attuned to the faint whispering rub of one loose penny against another in anybody's pocket, it is up to the owners of the pennies to indicate which way they are most pleased to spend them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now report briefly the few films it has seemed worth chasing after in the last couple of weeks.

"Marie Antoinette" is one of the historical-colossals where the pageant is actually secondary to a rather fresh story of love and personal tragedy, tied to history mainly through the costumes and sets. Robert Morley makes a grand figure of the slow and tortured Louis XVI; Norma Shearer carries the main pattern; Joseph Schildkraut and John Barrymore are good in their separate ways; Tyrone Power is in it.

"Sing You Sinners," one of those I half-saw in the theatre, would probably by a good Wesley Ruggles comedy if you could get it out and see it quietly somewhere. I thought the action stuff a little tortured and wished that Elizabeth Patterson were too; but the main thing was the character of Bing Crosby, who can sing and also be a swell feller. Might be worth seeing when it cools off.

"Alexander's Ragtime Band" will have to be seen by all who can recapture those dead years through hearing the Irving Berlin tunes which marked them—it is a top-flight job of working music into a story, though the business of telling a true story of music is bungled as absurdly as always. As a picture it isn't much—what shall be done with Tyrone Power and Don Ameche? please don't write—but as a tribute to a genius rising from Tin Pan Alley to cover the land with the memory of music, it can't be beat.

"South Riding" is so good probably because the English studios had no bright ideas about making it better. It is exact and ponderous and thus tells the story of class disintegration the best way. It's an old story but new in regional color and in this kind of treatment in pictures, and the best word is that of my friend Jim, who points out it's good in spite of itself. A minor must, I suppose you could call it.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

The Oxford Group movement is making rapid progress among the headhunter tribes of the Papuan jungle, according to Geoffrey Baskett of the Kwata mission there. – *News item in The San Francisco Chronicle.*

Dug

It is the day of the little man, the idler, the leech. Society presents the aspect of an inverted cone, which is a state of unstable equilibrium. While the successful move, the rabble seize and fill up the wells which industry digged. – *Charles L. Brooks, writing in The New Age Magazine, official organ of the (Masonic) Scottish Rite.*

Hands Across the Styx

Sullivan said two bands of Communists are trying to get control of labor in the United States. Bridges' faction, he charged, is tied up with Lenin in Moscow. – *From a news item in The Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Sing, You Sinners

A few, some very few of you can wear it . . . for there is about it a churchling air that'd need but a red ruby ring on a hand like ivory . . . and lips . . . and shoes . . . alike in ruby color and no *other color* . . . except a *personality* as vivid . . . you see . . . it is *oceans* of pure white tulle and bodice of dull white sequins . . . right . . . *so* formal . . . yet with tiny petal-like sleeves . . . youthful . . . *utterly* graceful . . . to stir the Panic hoofbeats in hearts . . . to tell a believing world that Aphrodite still lives. – *Advertisement of the Martha Weatherel shops in The Christian Science Monitor.*

They'd Steal a Hot Stove

Indians Adopt Herbert Hoover. – *A Headline in The Spokane, Wash., Spokesman-Review.*

Mickey Mouse

Think! What if Father Coughlin were to be heard no more? What if your winter Sunday afternoons could never more be marked by that hour of TRUTH, told in periods of wondrous beauty? If he were gone from the microphone—WHO THEN WOULD TELL YOU THE FACTS ABOUT AMERICA? – *From Father Coughlin's paper, Social Justice.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

More About Free Speech

SIR: The editorial in your issue of August 3 entitled "Free Speech Again" came perilously close to advocating "Liberty for Our Side" only, a doctrine so thoroughly discredited in the long history of struggle for civil liberty that it hardly need be refuted.

It is axiomatic that any restrictions on freedom of speech, press or assembly, regardless of whom they affect, lay down the precedents by which those rights are generally impaired. For that reason, it is imperative that defenders of civil liberty should protest denials of rights to enemies of democracy as well as to its supporters. Defenders of civil liberty on principle cannot play favorites and expect to be taken seriously.

Liberals need not be concerned that in taking such a position the Civil Liberties Union is giving aid and comfort to the reactionary forces when rare occasion prompts defense of their rights, for the vast burden of defense is necessarily carried on in behalf of those most frequently attacked—organized labor and the political, racial and religious minorities.

In the two specific instances you cite, commented on first by Heywood Broun, the Union is merely following the precedents of many years in which it has defended the rights of the Ku Klux Klan to hold meetings and otherwise to engage in lawful activities, and of the German-American Nazis, similarly involved. The point of liability of a radio station for slander, which was the reason given for prohibiting Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling from making a speech over the air in Nebraska, is one which you would regard somewhat differently, I am sure, if the record concerned one of the many labor leaders who have been similarly silenced. The power of a radio-station manager to keep anybody off the air because of the alleged slanderous character of proposed remarks is the basis of radio censorship, most commonly exercised against labor organizations, radical parties and critics of the government.

The courts have not by any means uniformly held that radio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Dilling case, if I recollect the facts correctly, the Methodist Bishop of Omaha, whom the station was protecting from slander, himself urged that she be given the right to speak. Obviously there was no risk of a suit. We should be as delighted as you to see Mrs. Dilling called to account by a suit in court, but that is a matter quite apart from censorship by some radio manager's notion of slander and libel. The law should be changed to relieve stations of joint liability for slander, but until it is, protests are in order whenever a station makes that the excuse for barring a speaker on a public issue—Mrs. Dilling or anyone else.

As to free speech for employers, the Civil Liberties Union has taken no stand in opposition to any order of the National Labor Relations Board. It has merely suggested that in the Ford case a section of the order be clarified to make it plain that restrictions on the expression of anti-union opinion are to be considered only in connection with coercion or threats of discharge for union activities. Employers not engaging in coercion or violation of the act should obviously be as free as others to express themselves. But there is a line of demarcation between opinion and coercion, difficult to draw. If in the conflict of rights it is not made clear, the Labor Relations Act itself will suffer attacks exceedingly difficult to counter. We who support the act must necessarily be concerned with its success. And that success is tested in the long run by the fairness of its operation. Labor's rights to organize and select its representatives for collective bargaining without interference need not restrict employers' rights of expression when not associated with acts of coercion, interference or intimidation.

An organization like the Civil Liberties Union, which is not a partisan of any side in a political or economic struggle, is bound to appraise the issues only in terms of freedom of expression, not in terms of the relative social usefulness of one side or the other. The role of The New Republic in appraising social forces is obviously far wider than that of the Civil Liberties Union. But we may express the hope that The New Republic will understand the limitations necessarily imposed by a democratic principle valid only as it applies equally to all.

Chilmark, Mass. ROGER BALDWIN

[We agree with Mr. Baldwin that one cannot play favorites in defending civil liberties, and that speech should be as free for our opponents as for our friends. The editorial to which he refers did not rest on any denial of these propositions.

It is our impression that such censorship as has been exercised over labor or radical speakers on the air could not by any stretch of the imagination be justified by a fear that the speeches in question would be actionable. On the other hand, Mr. Baldwin knows as well as we that Mrs. Dilling's stock-in-trade is the smearing of reputations for the purpose of preventing people from being allowed to speak or publish, and that if she has so far escaped having to pay damages it is because she is lucky rather than because she is engaged in legitimate discussion of public questions. The New Republic is as careful as it can be to keep out of its pages untruthful and libellous statements, and if its editors were operating a radio station they would exercise the same care. It seems to us that to rush to the protection of someone who is notorious for untruthful attacks upon individuals is leaning over backward. Responsible periodicals would not print her stuff, and we do not see why radio stations should be compelled to put it on the air. The fact that in this instance the Bishop of Omaha would not have sued does not affect the principle.

Apparently there is no disagreement between Mr. Baldwin and ourselves regarding the National Labor Relations Board. It is our belief that no order of the Board has done more than pro-

What the Royal Visit Meant

SIR: The following statement of the objectives of British foreign policy is being widely discussed in left-wing circles in London. Britain's ideological enemy is Russia, while her economic enemy is Germany. Since the 1919 intervention in Russia, since the first attempts to seize Russian oil fields, Britain has been a steadfast opponent of Russian Socialism, for its success would seriously endanger the position of capitalism in Britain and the Empire. The economic demands of Germany are also directed against the "swollen and degenerate" British Empire. If Germany could be induced to attack Russia both of Britain's enemies would be greatly weakened, if not destroyed, in a long war.

The conditions necessary for the fulfillment of such a policy are threefold. In the first place Britain and France must appear so powerful that a war against Russia offers to Germany greater prospects of success than does a war against the West. In the second place it is necessary that France should have no commitments in Eastern Europe which would align her with Russia. In the third place there must be created a Mitteleuropa in order to give Germany a common frontier with Russia and to make Germany strong enough, with Hungarian wheat and Rumanian oil, to risk the fulfillment of her anti-Bolshevik crusade. The rapid British rearmament, the efforts to show France that she must choose between Russia and the British Empire, and, above all, the attempts to emasculate Czechoslovakia, are all means for promoting this long-term British policy.

A German invasion of Czechoslovakia would, at this stage, mean war between Germany and France and, because Britain cannot allow Germany to control Channel ports, war between Germany and Britain. This realization prompted the British Government to instruct Sir Neville Henderson to protest in the strongest terms to Foreign Minister Ribbentrop when, on May 21, German troops were mobilizing on the Bohemian border and when it momentarily appeared as though Czechoslovakia would be another Austria. . . .

The "good offices" of the British Ambassador in Prague have been used to urge upon Premier Hodza and President Benes the necessity for the utmost concessions to the *Sudeten Deutsche Partie*. The "maximum concessions" urged by the British Government must mean racial autonomy. In any case, anything more than a measure of regional self-government must lead to a serious weakening of Czechoslovakia, making it possible for Germany to absorb Central Europe without a war. . . .

A weakened Czechoslovakia would be less able to use its influence to counter Fascism in other Central European countries. More important, the only Czech government which could carry out a policy of "maximum concessions" would be reactionary. For many years the conservative Agrarian Party, a powerful constituent of the government coalition, has been pressing the desirability of an arrangement with Germany and the abrogation of the Czech-Russian pact. Recent demonstrations, such as that on May 1, and the results of the last elections, have shown that the Czechoslovak peoples are firmly opposed to any concessions to fascism. The Social-Democrat and Communist Parties would not stand for national dismemberment, which would also probably involve the resignation of President Benes. The only government which would dare to propose racial autonomy would be reactionary and would be so composed as to make it certain that a pact with Germany would replace the pact with Russia. Such a government would be encouraged by British support and by French passivity. The road would be opened for a successful German advance towards the Black Sea, an advance which will be further facilitated by the opening of the Rhine-Danube

LICENSED TO NZ.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All this explains the meaning of the Royal Visit to Paris, which has increased French dependence on Britain. The hope is that France will be persuaded to leave Czechoslovakia to its fate. Czechoslovakia, seeing that she can no longer rely on France, will compromise with Germany. . . .

London, England MICHAEL YOUNG

Mr. Dubinsky and the New Deal

SIR: In your issue of August 24, in the "Washington Notes" signed by T. R. B., it is stated that "Mr. David Dubinsky, head of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, had formed a moral alliance with Mr. Homer Martin of the United Auto Workers."

This is wholly untrue. I am afraid your Washington correspondent was tripped in this instance by a recent New York dope press story. By the same hot-weather reasoning, this fantastic alliance between Homer Martin and myself, according to your Mr. T. R. B., appears to have affected quite grievously some politically minded New Dealers in the capital. Which is, to say the least, rather ludicrous. Every well informed and authoritative New Dealer is fully conversant with the unbroken and faithful coöperation I personally and the organization I represent have given the New Deal from the first.

Let me add: We intend to continue loyally to support the New Deal, through independent labor political action and by aiding New Deal candidates and legislation, all wishful thinking and gossip mongering to the contrary notwithstanding.

DAVID DUBINSKY

New York City

Life in Happy Texas

SIR: Dry weather just before the cotton bloomed, as well as deliberate curtailment of planting, made the crop this year in Texas worse than at any time since 1908. And wages this year were worse than anyone can remember. Workers who went into the fields at dawn were paid sixty or eighty cents after dark, for a whole day's labor. Children of less than six had to help earn livings for their families.

Rio Grande Valley cotton from the fields is on its way now to become clothing that these people who cultivated and picked it can't buy. Families are leaving the valley for other parts where fall cotton is still in the fields. They are jammed standing in trucks and jolted for hundreds of miles through the heat and dust over bad Texas roads. Mothers with nursing babies have to stand for hours in the swaying trucks, supported by the press of all the rest. Children half-suffocated hang to their parents' legs, and the old cry they are fatigued.

Many of these caravans have returned. The people say they could not buy food with the wages paid for as much cotton as they could pick during the summer daylight. They will get no more work until fall. Then they will pack fruit and vegetables for fast refrigerated freight to the big eastern cities. Women and girls will work in the canneries after October until April or May. When women and children here have to work for twenty-six hours they are permitted to rest and eat for a half hour every six hours; frequently they fall exhausted at the benches. Every family visited in the town of Donna, in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, has had at least one death, usually that of a girl who got tuberculosis while being worked to exhaustion in the unventilated heat of the town cannery.

Ninety percent of the agricultural workers are Mexicans. And in every town in the Rio Grande Valley they live in the worst slums. Their homes are made out of rough boards and packing cases, most without floors and none with running water. Crowded communities of 5,000 have no sewers. The [illegible] cans is double that of their Anglo-American neighbors across the tracks in the Rio Grande Valley towns; it is the highest of any national or racial group in the United States. . . .

Harlingen, Texas JOHN BRYNER

"Rejoicing" in Bilbao

SIR: In case Mr. Carney of the New York Times and other birds of similar feather have reported in their own way on the recent "rejoicing" of the Basque people in Bilbao, may I translate part of a letter just received from a good friend?

During the recent anniversary of the "liberation" of Bilbao by Franco, a great number of war prisoners were made to march in the grand parade in order to subject them to the insults and humiliation of the onlooking public. As it happened, instead of insults there were only ovations, money and cigarettes, and plenty of demonstration amongst the public. . . . The majority of pro-prisoners was so evident that the militarists did not dare punish the demonstrators.

Also a funny thing occurred on the same day. The enthusiasm of the people for Franco was so enormous that when the Fascist authorities realized that it was just plain kidding, all patriotic cries were prohibited except the regulation ones.

Brielle, N. J. VICTOR ECHEVARRIA

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Lee K. Strobel of Los Angeles, California, thinks that Nazis in America ought not to be allowed to speak, organize and propagandize, although he recognizes the danger in denying civil liberties to any minority. But because "the entire Nazi philosophy is built upon race prejudice, which is inimical to our democratic institutions," Mr. Strobel believes Nazism can and should be legalized out of existence in the United States.

Reuben Maury of New York City, famous editorial writer on the tabloid New York Daily News, writes to Heywood Broun and thanks him for mention in the August 17 issue. "To be bracketed with Mr. Westbrook Pegler," says Mr. Maury, "in any connection and by whomever, is an honor which, though undeserved, nevertheless warms the cockles." . . . Bill Kennedy of CCC Company 2214, Peekskill, New York, asks for contributions of trade-union, liberal and progressive reading matter for the camp recreation room.

E. S. Locke of Salt Lake City, Utah, reports on the difficulty a minority party has in placing a full state ticket on the ballot because of the "undemocratic and onerous" primary laws of nearly every state. He criticizes especially the Utah law of 1937, which is responsible for the fact that there will be, for the first time in thirty years, no minority party on the Utah ballot in November.

What's on the Air?

Señor Guachalla of Bolivia and Dr. Insfran of Paraguay discuss the recent peace treaty between their two countries, Saturday, August 27, 5:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

"The Economic Plebiscite" is the subject for discussion in one of the "World Economic Coöperation" programs.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the symphony-orchestra concert from Grant Park, Chicago, Sunday, August 28, 9 P.M., CBS; Bruno Walter conducting a concert from the Lucerne Music Festival, Monday, August 29, 3:40 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Orson Welles and his Mercury Theatre on the Air, Monday, August 29, 9 P.M., CBS; the Promenade Symphony Orchestra of Toronto, Thursday, September 1, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Chicago Phil-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

Pluperfidious Albion

I'VE LIVED through two pretty tough winters in my time. One of them was the winter of Humanism, when intellectuals went around slopping cocktails over the rug and talking about "the will to refrain." The other was last winter, when it seemed as though the entire Literary Left, man, woman and child, was bent on proving the case for Collective Security. The main idea seemed to be that if the democracies could only get together then everything would be just dandy. In theory I could only agree; but what I call my common sense and what my friends dismiss as an advanced case of pernicious Anglophobia always got the better of my finer instincts. I don't know how many people I bored by asking, "Yes, but how can you have a united front for democracy with a nation whose sole effective desire in international relations is to preserve the privileges and trappings of an empire?" The question was usually answered by a sage tapping of the head, a gesture that clearly implied: "Chamberlain's off again." And they didn't mean Neville.

But really, I am not an Anglophobe. I merely object to the theory that Britishers are somehow peculiarly qualified to deny fair play to the yellow, black and brown races and to people whose philosophies shade from red to pink. It's all very nice that you can shoot off your mouth in Hyde Park, but what good does that do a Spanish Anarchist or Republican who is suffering from the grisly hypocrisy of a "non-intervention" patrol that looks the other way when guns are being run through Cadiz to General Franco? With such "non-interventionists" at large in the world I am beginning to see the sense of changing our neutrality laws to permit the shipment of arms to any legally elected government faced with the necessity of quelling civil uprising.

Just to prove to my Collective Security friends that I'm not a congenital Ag'iner and obstructionist, I would like to propose a tangible *modus operandi* to that poor betrayed idealist, Secretary Cordell Hull. The suggestion is this: let England show her democratic good faith by giving liberals and Labor Party members the freedom of BBC, said freedom to be devoted to a complete reading five times over of Geoffrey T. Garratt's "Mussolini's Roman Empire."[1] As her part of the agreement, the United States should guarantee to enter a Collective Security pact on condition that a general election be held in Great Britain immediately after the fifth reading of Mr. Garratt's book. If I sound fanciful please don't blame me. After all, it is the British themselves who have boasted of their free institutions.

Mr. Garratt's book proves, among other things, that you can't indict a nation that can produce a Mr. Garratt. But on Mr. Garratt's own evidence you can pretty much indict the entire British ruling class, from Colonel Blimp to Anthony Eden. Mr. Garratt is just plumb disgusted with Great Britain's foreign policy during the past seven years, and he writes about the course of events that has led from Manchuria in 1931 to Spain in 1938 with a cold anger. Not only has British behavior outraged his moral sense; it has also affronted his common sense. He sees England not only tossing democracy out of the window but also throwing away its empire as well. If morality and empire seem incongruous bedfellows (as they do to me), Mr. Garratt probably has an answer to that: his tone implies that he thinks Britain should get out of the imperialist game by the promotion of self-government and economic equality of opportunity in the colonies.

Mr. Garratt's case against his country is impressively documented from his own experience. Before the World War he was a civil servant in India, and during the War he served with the Indian cavalry in Mesopotamia. His knowledge of the Middle East gave him a head start on other correspondents when he went to Abyssinia for The Manchester Guardian. And his cosmopolitanism enables him to understand that "battleships and strongpoints" are no longer sufficient to control trade routes and life lines in the day of the airplane and the submarine. As a humanitarian Mr. Garratt went to Spain in 1937 to help evacuate children from Madrid. But as an Englishman with common sense he went wondering about the alleged basis in *Realpolitik* of a foreign policy that contemplates handing the Balearic Islands to Italy, and Spanish Morocco and the Basque coast to Germany. With these in Fascist hands, the English might as well sell the Rock of Gibraltar outright to the Prudential Life Insurance Company. But the chances are that the Prudential wouldn't want it.

To Mr. Garratt's way of thinking, the whole disastrous business of setting Mussolini up as a caricature of Caesar began for England in 1932, when the Foreign Office proclaimed that the Japanese occupation of Manchuria was okay as long as English trading rights weren't jeopardized. On that dark day, says Mr. Garratt, England inferentially told Rome that the League of Nations offered no protection to its members unless they were of the right color, physical and political. She also advertised the fact that she was prepared to condone the aggressive invasion of territory provided that her commercial interests therein were not affected. And, third, she recognized that the only binding force of treaties was the power of bayonets behind them. From this it was only a step to signing a naval agreement with Germany that recognized the end of the Versailles Treaty without ever consulting France. And it was only two steps to letting Ethiopia down after Anthony Eden had practically promised Haile Selassie that he would see him through. The rest has followed logically: first, the betrayal of Republican Spain through "non-intervention," then the recognition of Italian domination in Ethiopia on condition that Lake Tana is not disturbed.

What makes all this so horrible is not that England has liquidated the Versailles internationalist system. That system was based on fraud from the beginning. The real point of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to replace one bad internationalist system with another; she has actually worked overtime to promote the rise of a Fascist internationalism that seemingly has the blessing of the powerful Catholic hierarchy. The Versailles system was doomed by its own tragic inadequacy, but in throwing it over England might at least have remained effectively neutral as between Italy and Ethiopia, and Italy and Republican Spain. Actually, however, she first saw to it that neither Ethiopia nor the Spanish Left could get arms. Then, out of the bigness of her capacious heart, she said: "Go it boys. But fight fair."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

War Diary

China Fights Back, by Agnes Smedley. New York: The Vanguard Press. 304 pages. $2.50.

FOR TEN YEARS Agnes Smedley has been in close contact with the Communist movement in China. In her earlier books, "Chinese Destinies" and "The Red Army Marches," she has borne witness to the fiendish persecution of Communists by Chiang Kai-shek, and to the heroism with which they defeated his armies. Now the historical scene has changed. The Communist rebels have become the Eighth Route Army, and have organized the one successful form of resistance to the Japanese invasion, by pursuing the same hit-and-run tactics which reduced Chiang Kai-shek to impotence.

In her earlier books Miss Smedley was chiefly dependent on reports brought to her, often secretly, by the adherents of the cause to which she was ardently devoted. As soon as the war broke out she joined the Red Army, and the present volume is a diary of her experience with the colors from August, 1937, to January, 1938. She was suffering from a severe injury to her back, and was compelled to make part of the long journey from Yenan to Hankow in a litter, when pain made horseback riding impossible, without medical relief, enduring the same hardships as the soldiers. She gives an exact account of the guerilla tactics by which the Red Army behind the enemy's line is bringing to naught the Japanese conquest of North China. No one can help feeling that in spirit and skill the Communists have made themselves invincible. But what is most interesting in her book is the intimacy into which the reader is brought with the people among whom Miss Smedley moved, from the leaders of the party—Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, Peng Teh-hwei—to her faithful guards, and the peasants who bear their sufferings with stoical patience. The lack of medical assistance and supplies of every sort is a tragedy which America might be expected to alleviate.

Miss Smedley finished her journey at Hankow, where she was honorably received by the American Ambassador. Again, the historical scene has changed. Miss Smedley went to China in 1929 as correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung. The British obtained her dismissal from her post, and sought her deportation as a British subject, in which effort they met no opposition from the American consular authorities at Shanghai. It needed a sharp rebuke by Mr. Joseph Cotton, then Under-secretary of State, to remind the latter that they owed a duty to their own citizens somewhat higher than their usual allegiance to the British For-

Judicial Brief

Cardozo and Frontiers of Legal Thinking, by Beryl Harold Levy. New York: The Oxford University Press. 330 pages. $2.50.

MR. LEVY'S SUBJECT is a difficult one. Most of Cardozo's years as a judge were spent on the New York Court of Appeals and his work there was largely in fields of the law that are *terra incognita* even to the informed layman. Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis, with whom he is linked by outlook and method, appear upon a broad stage. They champion democratic process in the stronghold of property right. Their names are identified with a generation of protest against judicial tyranny and reaction. "Judge-made law" on the New York Court of Appeals raised no formidable obstacles; bad decisions could almost always be corrected, as in countries where there is parliamentary supremacy, at the next session of the legislature; bad judges can be voted out of office.

There is no easy way to dramatize Cardozo's career. There is no convenient way to label him. He was no Great Dissenter. It was not always certain that he was a "liberal." Not a few of his decisions were victories for the railroads, the utilities and the corporations, and the fact of dissent in many of these cases indicates that had his predilections been different he could have found legally respectable doctrines to support them. He was a great judge, and it is as impossible to reduce a great judge to a set of formulas as it is to reduce a great artist. The quality of the work lies in breadth of conception, skilled handling of detail, a feeling for the unique and the particular in any given situation, an intuitive grasp of problems whose key no mere general principles can furnish. Finally he was the master of a style that always illumined but sometimes dazzled.

A lifelike portrait of the man and a just appraisal of his work have yet to be made. The long article by Bernard L. Shientag in the May, 1930, issue of The Columbia Law Review and Joseph P. Pollard's "Mr. Justice Cardozo: A Liberal Mind in Action," published in 1935, are comprehensive surveys, but written in an attitude of awed reverence that precludes critical analysis and rejects perspective. Mr. Levy's "Cardozo and Frontiers of Legal Thinking" shares the defects of its predecessors but not their virtues, for it contains amazingly little in the way of facts. The book's value is that it reprints twenty-two of Mr. Justice Cardozo's opinions. Twenty-one of them are from the Court of Appeals and had not been easily available. For this we must be grateful, though the cases seem chosen for their importance to the lawyer rather than their interest to the student of society. The 100-page essay with which Mr. Levy prefaces these opinions is poorly written, clumsy in its thinking, lacking in precise statement, annoyingly wordy and impressionistic. The sieve is coarse and the essence of Cardozo escapes through it. We are told that Cardozo's "career is a tribute to the truth that for real greatness sound practical judgment must be welded to theoretic knowledge"; that Cardozo's position may be defined as one of "radical conservatism'

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

radical, because, in the pristine sense of the word, it seeks to go to the roots." These bromides would fit any number of jurists.

Like Judge Shientag and Mr. Pollard, Mr. Levy fails to sketch in for us Mr. Justice Cardozo's intellectual genealogy. Cardozo did not spring full panoplied from the brow of jurisprudence. The idea of evolution through adaptation, the conception of society as organic, the theory of economic determinism, the Hegelian and the Marxian dialectic, the reaction of positivist and pragmatist against the purely abstract, all fertilized legal thinking, though they did so belatedly. Mr. Justice Cardozo was the product of and the participant in a revolt against the static and the absolute in the law. Long before Cardozo went on the bench, Holmes had taught the need to probe into the unspoken social considerations behind our legal rationalizations and dwelt on the danger of leaving "the very ground and foundation of judgment inarticulate, and often unconscious"; Dean Pound had fathered "sociological jurisprudence." Mr. Justice Cardozo brought these fresh viewpoints to bear on the common law, with unsurpassed acuteness of mind and with a creative imagination and a power of expression that would have made a great poet.

Why was he more successful in his own sphere than Holmes and Brandeis were on the Supreme Court? Was it because the cases with which he had to deal were by and large less important, mobilized no such vast pressures as the basic federal constitutional questions of our time? What specifically were his contributions to the transformation of the law? These are a few of the questions a definitive study of Cardozo should answer, and the orbit of its vision must extend beyond the bench. For just as powerful propertied interests kept our constitutional law under the domination of a lopsided laissez-faire and a caricature of natural rights long after they had been abandoned in the world of thought, so the ideas of Holmes, Brandeis and Cardozo did not come to dominance in the Supreme Court until there was a great popular political overturn and a man named Roosevelt prepared to take Their Honors to the woodshed.

I. F. STONE

Saith the Prophet

Consumer Protection: How It Can Be Secured, by Roger W. Babson and C. N. Stone. New York: Harper and Brothers. 215 pages. $2.50.

NIX ON COMMUNISM and fascism alike. Herbicide (*i.e.*, "consumerism") will save it (*i.e.*, the American Way). Be prepared, though. "Some day labor or other riots are likely to break out in certain cities. . . . As a protection against such menaces, we recommend the use of roll windows and door shutters for city homes and stores." Get yourself a dog, get your house floodlights. "An alarm should be installed on the outside of your house and—*through an underground wire*—to a neighboring house. . . . Of course, use city water but have an emergency well or cistern. . . . Live a simple life as God intends you to live."

What have we here? We have here, gents, a burlesque of Roger W. Babson by the one, the only, the original Roger tain. In a period of disintegration like the present, Mr. Crawford's words on the urgency of sustaining handicrafts with, slightly spoiled by the heebie-jeebies. The Bolsheviki Amerikanski ought to fall on this book with loud yips of glee; a lovelier example of Bankrupt Bourgeois Ideologics they'll never find.

FRED R. MILLER

Conquest by Technics

The Conquest of Culture, by M. D. C. Crawford. New York: Greenberg. 443 pages. $3.50.

THE SUBTITLE OF THIS BOOK is "How man invented his way to Civilization"; and the author, who began his professional career as an anthropologist, fortunately knows a great deal, not only about technics, but about the nature of man and civilization. It is the best general survey of the role of invention in civilization, from prehistoric man to the present, that I am familiar with.

Despite the continued reference in our thought to the importance of the machine, there are still very few books, not in the class of students' texts, that deal with the major factors of invention in the long perspectives of time. And there are fewer books that treat the subject on a world-wide scale, instead of on the parochial assumption that our technical advances all date no farther back than the eighteenth century and that only a small part of the world was responsible for them. "The Conquest of Culture" is a happy exception: not less because the author is an outstanding specialist on the development of textiles.

Morris Crawford starts his survey of man's conquest by a clear recognition of the paradox of invention: namely, the open discrepancy between mechanical and social invention, between the matter-of-fact techniques and the rational experience embodied in the first and the taboos, superstitions and inertias that have attended the development of man's social order. He does not pretend in this book to solve the problem: his object is to state it. In his final chapter, on "War or Civilization?" he returns, with brilliant good sense and unshakable wisdom, to this same subject.

Mr. Crawford's study of the long pre-history of invention is admirable. Not merely does he deal with the control of the physical environment by means of fire, tools and machines: he is equally aware of the vast importance of man's agricultural inventions, particularly those selective adaptations of foods and animals which helped mightily to increase the energy, the food supply and the population of the world. His fund of knowledge on the origin of our common means of living is copious, almost inexhaustible; and he presents it with an easy knack of dramatization. The "vertical" chapters on cloth, tobacco, iron and transportation are handled with equal pitch and gusto.

In short, this book provides an indispensable background of technical knowledge for those who would think intelligently about the issues of modern civilization. And it is all the more useful because Mr. Crawford, unlike many modern commentators, realizes that our finest achievements with the machine are ultimately dependent upon retaining our skill of the hand and the capacity for inventive manipulation that only the relatively non-specialized processes re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dealing with the traditional realms of technics, this book has perhaps only one serious lack: the author makes no attempt to assess the influence of science and systematic social organization upon the development of those industries that have been derived, primarily, from electro-physics, chemistry and adjacent realms of knowledge. But that is a minor disqualification in a treatise that covers both technically and humanistically the main conquests of material culture. For it is only in a very relative sense that the more familiar fields Mr. Crawford covers are really familiar to the common reader.

LEWIS MUMFORD

Art in Progress

Charles Sheeler: Artist in the American Tradition, by Constance Rourke. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 203 pages, illustrated. $3.

THERE HAVE BEEN famous exceptions, of course, but one of the prevailing characteristics of "art" books is that most of them are badly written. Charles Sheeler is particularly fortunate in this regard, for his panegyrist, Miss Rourke, commands a style of notable distinction—a style, moreover, whose coolness, precision and discipline peculiarly match his own technique. There are other affinities between author and subject. A good deal of Sheeler's inspiration had its source in the country around his birthplace, Philadelphia, and he early became the artistic spokesman for the landscape and architecture of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the solid serenity of whose barns and farm buildings he has conveyed better than any other artist. Miss Rourke, it would seem, shares his enthusiasm for these scenes, as she does his later, broader interests in other form of Americana, and there is a noteworthy passage on page 30 of her book, describing the basic traits of Pennsylvania Dutch construction, that is hardly less penetrating and evocative than Sheeler's own pictorial analyses have been.

These parallel sympathies go far to give the book unusual flavor. Combine with them the fact that it is written by one who is primarily a *writer* instead of a critic, collector or dilettante—and a writer, moreover, skilled in the techniques of biography. Add that Miss Rourke has wisely included in the text a liberal sprinkling of Sheeler's own commentary, on his aims, his art, on life in general—and that here he shows himself to be well endowed with that unorthodox but perceptive ability with words that painters so often have—and it may be seen why the work as a whole offers an exceptionally vivid and comprehending, one might almost say "enveloping" study of the artist as a functioning entity, as a man.

The faults of the book all lie, so to speak, in the same field as its virtues. Certainly, it was time for a full-length portrait of this artist. Perhaps because he has never capitalized on his successes and innovations, we tend to forget them. As Miss Rourke points out, he was one of the earliest artists in this country to investigate the possibilities of the abstract method; his photographs of the Ford factory, made about 1927, gave incentive to the cult of "machine art." But he has consistently refused to get on any bandwagons, much less to lead parades, and he used the abstract technique only in so far as it fitted his own needs. Because of the stir his Ford photographs occasioned, it was not until three years later, in his own good time, that he put any of the ideas he had gained there into paint. Such integrity, however, leads to integration, and because of it his output already contains a respectable number of really "definitive" pictures—among them his "Bucks County Barn," which is unquestionably *the* barn; his "Upper Deck," where mechanism reaches its maximum of logical disorder, and so on.

There are other matters, however, which Miss Rourke fails to resolve. If the portrait of the artist as man is roundedly presented, the study of the man as artist, in its technical phases at least, is less so. Indeed, it is precisely when he sits down at his drawing-board or easel that she leaves him, and there are questions of palette, of design, of general intention in his art that one feels should surely have been discussed. Most interesting of all, perhaps, would have been a discussion of his work in his later phases. Sheeler's method has always been based on craftsmanship and an unerring eye for the facts of things. In spite of its apparent simplicity, however, his design is intensely dramatic, not only in its massings and in a frequent telescoping of foreground and background—a view through a door, a window toward the sky—but also in a kind of "overload" of meaning, surrealist in its effect, that he attributes to the inanimate. Recently, there has been a split between these factors. The philosophic intention that bound them together seems missing. The drama fuzzes off into mere light and shadow, while—as in his "Clapboards and Shingles," one of the Williamsburgh paintings, and in "Blue Ridge Landscape," both shown last year—the perception is flattened to the point of the blankly representational, or so close to it as to be disturbing to his admirers.

And one can't help wondering: is he tiring of his present range of subjects? Is his "photographer's eye" catching up with his eye as a painter, to the detriment of the latter? Or is some new phase in the making? Perhaps a statement of Sheeler's, quoted in the book, gives a clue. Speaking of a canvas painted some few years ago he says, "In the 'White Barn' there is something to which I gave some thought when I painted it, building up a sense of permanence by using contrast between elements which were mobile and static. The chickens might change their places, the barn wouldn't—that was the idea. Well, these things might fool us. The barn might change and the chickens wouldn't. One might do something with ideas like that. . . ."

The book, I should add, is handsomely illustrated with forty-eight reproductions, photographed by Sheeler himself.

ROBERT M. COATES

New Books: A Reader's List

PURITAN CITY, by Frances Winwar (McBride, $3). A genteel history of Salem from its high-minded beginnings to the present respectable aloofness of the survivors. The living is decorous, the literature on a lofty plane; even the privateers and witch hunters seem animated by high purpose.

NIGHTINGALE WOOD, by Stella Gibbons (Longmans, Green, $2.50). She wrote "Cold Comfort Farm."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

takes off the English middle class—throwing a sidelong look now and again at the untouchables and the blue-bloods of the village. She treats her people with both flippancy and indulgence (and who said women have no sense of humor?).

AND TELL OF TIME, by Laura Krey (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75). A panoramic novel about Southern gentry, from the end of the Civil War on past the Reconstruction Period, written with the stern indignation of a Claude Bowers against Yankee intrusion. It will be compared, to its disadvantage, with "Gone With the Wind," being congested where the other was lavish, sentimentalized where that was romantic, and flowery where the first book was robust.

IMAGES IN A MIRROR, by Sigrid Undset (Knopf, $2). Translated by Arthur G. Chater. About a woman dodging middle age; she goes off on the tangent of a pointless flirtation until she takes her bearings and decides that the placid rut of domesticity is her best bet after all. To be read not for its moralizing, much of which is pontifical, but for its subtle, sympathetic charting of a woman's shifting emotions.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who is well known to readers of The New Republic for his many articles on politics and current affairs, lives in Washington, D. C.

LELAND STOWE, formerly Paris correspondent for The New York Herald Tribune and at present a member of the newspaper's editorial staff in New York City, has just returned from a trip through Spain.

JONATHAN DANIELS is editor of The Raleigh (North Carolina) News and Observer. He is the author of "A Southerner Discovers the South," published in July by The Macmillan Company.

VINCENT SHEEAN was for many years a foreign correspondent; he told the story of those years in "Personal History." His most recent book, a novel published last month, is "A Day of Battle."

ROLFE HUMPHRIES, poet and critic, was the co-editor with M. J. Benardete of the anthology of Loyalist ballads, "And Spain Sings." He is translating the complete poems of García Lorca on a Guggenheim fellowship.

I. F. STONE is an editorial writer on The New York Post and author of "The Court Disposes," published by Covici-Friede.

FRED R. MILLER of Brooklyn is a short-story writer, a dealer in rare "hot" records, and the former editor of Blast.

LEWIS MUMFORD, author of many books on art, literature and the social sciences, has recently published "The Culture of Cities."

ROBERT M. COATES, author of "Yesterday's Burdens" and "The Outlaw Years," is the art critic of The New Yorker.

WESTERN VIEW FARM

Nineteenth Season

• Rates, $6.00 to $8.00 per day, $35.00 per week. • Hospitality that brings guests back year after year. • Excellent food, and comfortable beds. • A beautiful location. • Come for rest and diversion, and return tanned, glowing and invigorated. • 76 miles from New York City, either by automobile or train. *Address:*

TED OHMER
Western View Farm
New Milford, Conn. Tel. New Milford 440

ALLABEN ACRES

THE INFORMAL ADULT CAMP
ALLABEN, NEW YORK
R.R. Station, Shandaken, N. Y.
800 Acres of real vacation country
2,400 ft. elevation—118 mi. from N. Y. C.
All Athletic Facilities including
Private Lake, Tennis, Horses

LABOR DAY SPECIAL
(Friday-Monday)
Three days—$15

Entertainment and Social Activities under the direction of Moe Kaplan
An original Crane and Conwit Revue
Excellent Accommodations, hot and cold showers. All conveniences
WEEKLY RATES: $23.50—$25.00—$27.50
Direction:
Mr. & Mrs. Moll & Morton Barrow
(Formerly of Napanoch Country Club)
Jack Lewis
(Formerly of Hilltop Lodge)
N. Y. C. Phone: VAnderbilt 3-5126

PAINT, WRITE, REST AT
SACKS FARM
ACRES OF PINE WOODS
Beautiful surrounding country. Some outdoor sports. Very good food. Rates: $17.00 per week.
R. F. D. 1, Box 267, Saugerties, N. Y.
City information: BUtterfield 8-9683

VERMONT CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

GREEN MANSIONS

A Complete Modern Camp and Country Club in the Adirondacks

• Clubhouse — Each Room With Private Bath
• Private Golf Course on Premises
• Champion Tennis Courts
• And All Other Sports Facilities
• *Professional Theatre*
• Chamber Music

Booklet on Request
LENA BARISH SAM GARLEN
Directors
NEW YORK CITY OFFICE
11 West 42nd Street
BRyant 9-1738

GREEN MANSIONS
WARRENSBURG N.Y.

SHADYBROOK INN
PATTERSON NEW YORK
Invites Parents who want their children to enjoy the invigorating atmosphere of Putnam County's rolling hills to inspect this modern well equipped resort. Excellent care, special meals, very good school. Boys and girls. Ages 6 to 9.
Rates Reasonable Write for details

SOUTH WIND
WOODBOURNE, N. Y.
Labor Day Week-End
1. THE BERKELEY PLAYERS. 2. FULL LENGTH FOREIGN FILM. 3. LARGE PRIVATE LAKE. 4. PLENTY OF FAST CLAY TENNIS COURTS.
City Phone: LAckawanna 4-4026

BROOKLYN ETHICAL CULTURE SCHOOL
49 and 50 PROSPECT PARK WEST
Brooklyn, N. Y. South 8-4300
Kindergarten through Grade Eight
8:45 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Registrations for the Fall Begin
SEPTEMBER FIRST

ROOM FOR RENT

BEAUTIFUL, LARGE studio room, attractively furnished—front—French windows—separate entrance. Lobel, 352 East 19th Street, N. Y. C.

LITERARY HELP

THESIS WORK, RESEARCH PAPERS. Special Articles Addresses, promptly prepared to requirements of busy professionals. Our extensive experience available at moderate rates, with assurance of scholarly serviceable results. Over twenty years consistent service to patrons. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LECTURES

WORKERS SCHOOL Fall term registration begins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED